The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1665 DEC. 19, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia

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THEY ARE THE COMING GENERATION

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3 PERFORMANCES AT 2.0, 5.30, 8.30

BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DEC. 28, SATS., JAN. 2, 9, 16.

Reserved Seats— 3/9, 6/-, 8/-, 10/6

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All tickets include Entertainment Tax and admission to Fun Fair.

BOX OFFICE OLYMPIA NOW OPEN. *Shep. Bush 1240. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.*

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FUN FAIR open from 12 noon, Daily. *Admission 1/3*

Thrills and Fun Galore!

Stop that cold with

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In spite of the danger and yearly toll of the common cold it is the most neglected of common ailments. In spite of the fatal results, the physical disability, and the huge financial loss of £20,000,000 a year incurred by this serious complaint, it is generally treated as of little account.

Colds may lead to influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc. They weaken the resistance of the system against other diseases and impair the normal, healthy functioning of the body. Yet the prevention of colds is so simple and the treatment—if applied in time—so effective and pleasant.

A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief inhaled often during the day clears the breathing passages and destroys the cold germs before they enter the tissues. It stops a cold by going to the seat of the cold. It develops resistance by gently stimulating the respiratory system. And at night-time, put a drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow, and you'll have comfort and protection while you sleep.

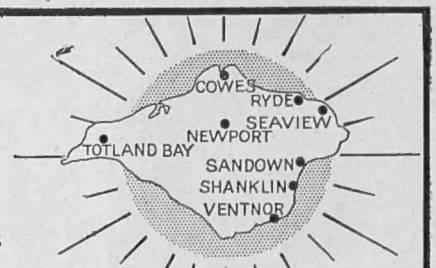
Of all Chemists **2/-** *and* **3/-**

(Double quantity in 3/- size.)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V 72

Spend your Winter in the Sunshine of the



ISLE OF WIGHT

"England's Garden Isle" has a delightfully mild and equable climate and a high winter sunshine record, also 9 golf courses and other sporting and social attractions. High Class Hotels and Boarding Houses, Reduced Winter Tariffs.

Write to The Town Clerk, Dept. 16 Newport, I.W., for any information, also for Guide to the Island containing House Agents, etc.

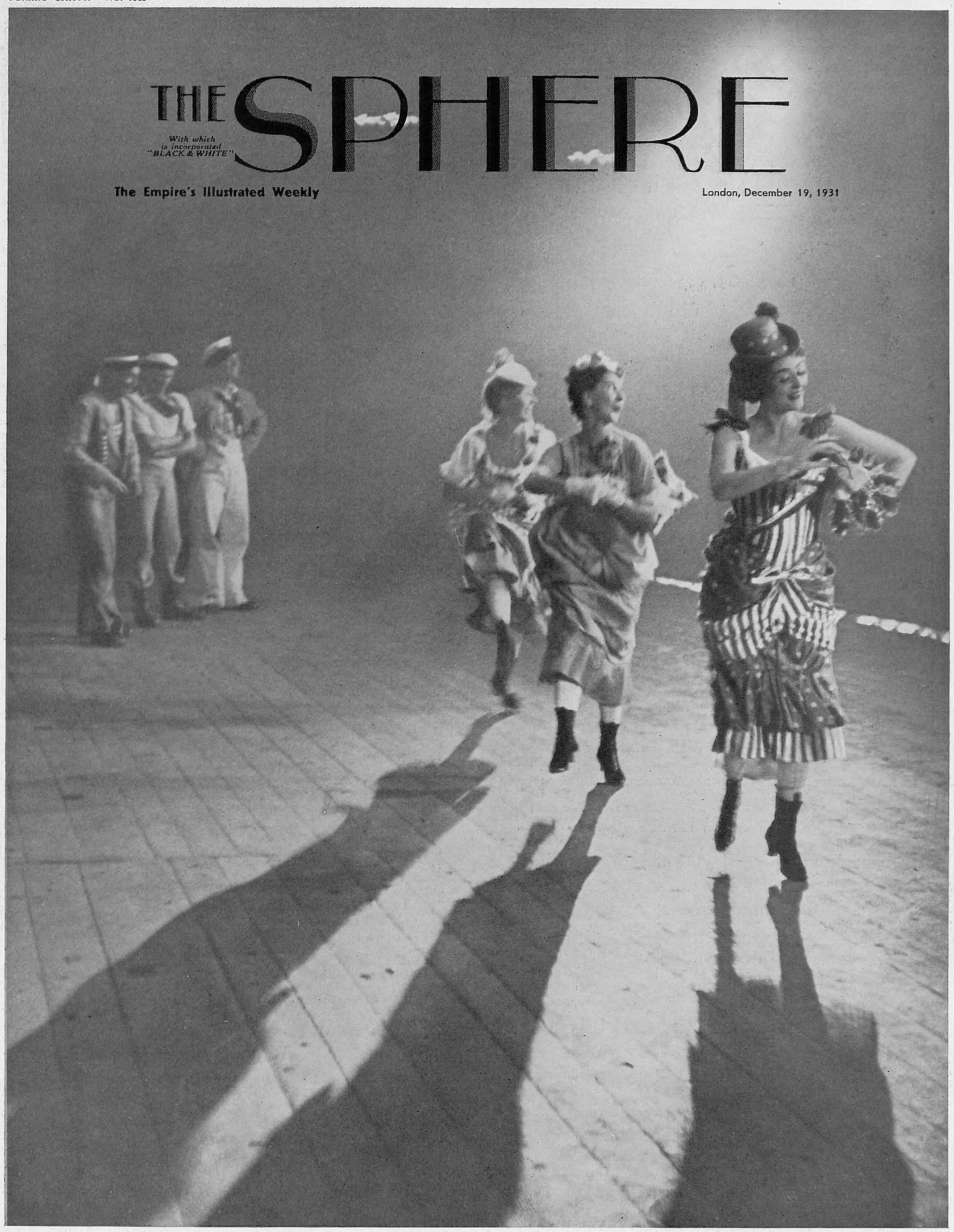
SOUTHERN RAILWAY CORRIDOR RESTAURANT EXPRESSES from WATERLOO Every Weekday at 8.50, 9.50, 11.50 a.m., 12.50, 1.50, 3.50, 4.50, 6.50 p.m. "Winter Resort" Tickets (any train, any day, available 1 month) from Waterloo, from 1st 32/9, 3rd 20/3 (Ryde). "Holiday" Tickets (Fris. and Suns. any train) and Weekend Tickets (Fris., Sats. and Suns. any train) from 1st 23/6, 3rd 14/6 (Ryde). Also from S.R. Suburban Stations.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 19, 1931



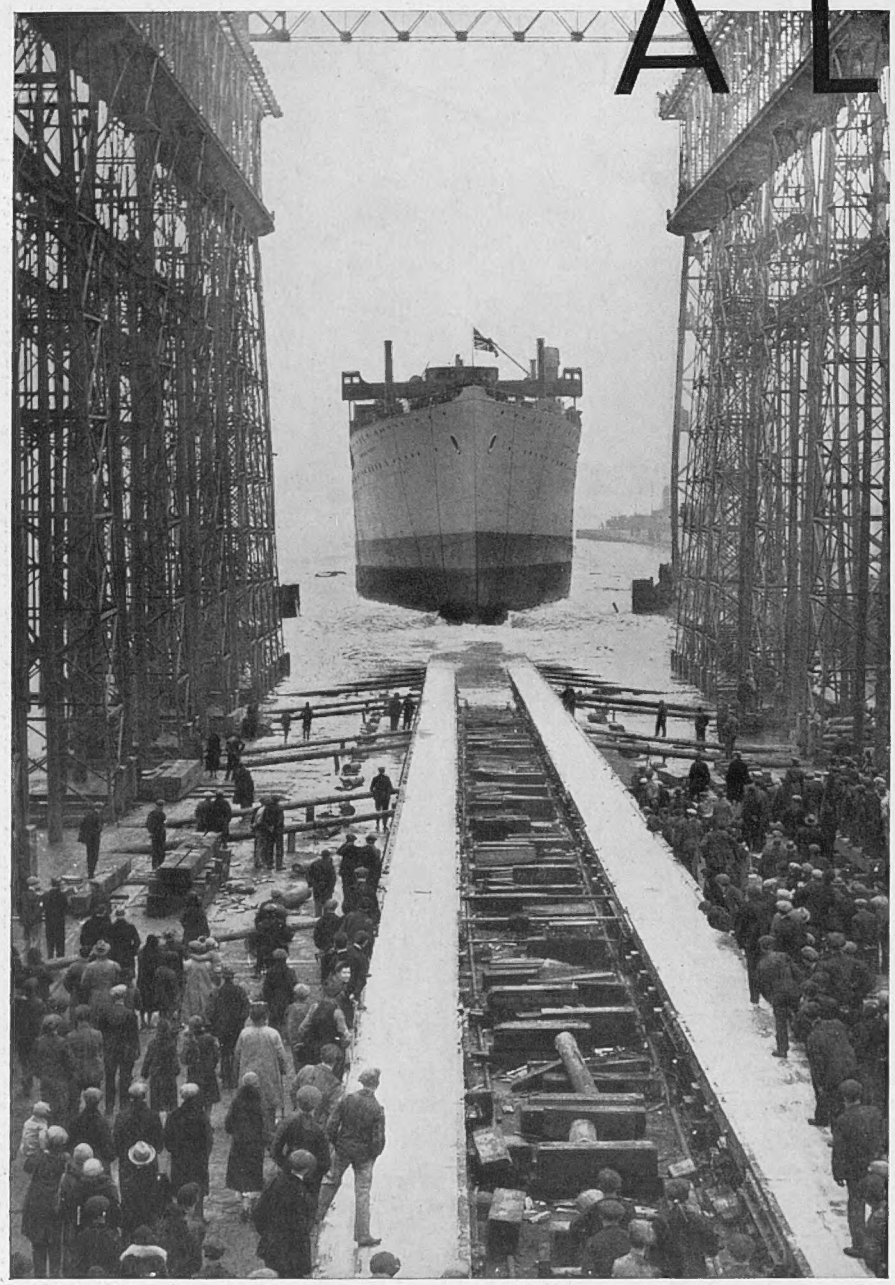
THE GERMAN STATE DANCERS in LONDON

The Noted Sextette of Dancers from the Berlin State Opera House are Now in London Appearing at the Palladium

Christmas time is theatre time, and in the theatres it is very definitely Christmas time. Not only are pantomimes and the great circus in rehearsal, but every variety house is making special arrangements suitably to honour the feast of Yule. Seldom has this been so efficiently carried out as by the German dancers now in London; seldom, if ever, has so brilliant a record as this picture been made of the Christmas atmosphere. It is evoked by those representatives of the nation whence a great many of our Christmas traditions derive

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



A NOTABLE EVENT IN BELFAST: The motor-vessel *Highland Fatriot* launched at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard. This vessel replaces the *Highland Hope*, the Nelson liner which foundered off the Farilhoes just over a year ago. The launching of this vessel synchronizes, unhappily, with the stopping of work on the giant 73,000-ton Cunarder which, until last week, was being built on the Clyde with the aspiration of wresting from Germany the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, won from *Mauretania* by *Europa* and *Bremen*

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 16, 1931.

RECESS.—Parliament is up. The Ministers are in recess but not in recreation. They are wrestling with Tariffs. Let us not underrate the fruits of those first few weeks of endeavour. The time is not yet come for grousing. Three Ministers at least, if not four, have shown real metal. Sir Henry Betterton has bravely tackled the Dole scandal. He has stopped the pickings of 130,000 married women and 60,000 males, an annual saving of millions to the Exchequer. And Mr. Runciman, facing up to hostility, impatience, and forebodings, has at least taught France and Europe a lesson and shown England that her institution of Government is not too antiquated to face rationalisation and a change of policy. Sir John Gilmour has followed Mr. Runciman's lead and Sir Samuel Hoare, with the valuable assistance of Lord Sankey and the Premier, has somehow sped an embarrassing guest in an astonishingly orderly and polite and even hopeful exit. Finally, Sir John Simon, with Lord Cecil, has earned his share of the world's gratitude for the saving of the League's reputation at a vital stage in its career. A little luck now and the Sino-Japanese problem may solve itself. If all goes well, we shall meet again at Philippi at the beginning of February for one of the most momentous sessions in our Parliamentary history.

HAS FRANCE FORGOTTEN?—Lord Moynihan's admirable letter to *The Times* last week deserves preservation. He put into a hundred pithy words the sense of the suddenly flaming grievance against France and her self-centred policy which all Europe is feeling. We saved France in the War, not once, but twice and thrice. We compounded her War debt to us. We took no tariff advantage of the drop in her currency. We lent her during the War fifty millions, and France in effect, by depreciating the franc from 10d. to 2d., repudiated four-fifths of the debt. Has she shown a like mercy to her own humbler debtors? In her recent utterances, in her declared policy to-day, when forgiveness among nations is recognized as the last hope of salvation, has she shown a lively memory of the recent past? Lord Moynihan's question "expects the answer, No." France is proving once more that the weakest joint in her harness is in the neighbourhood of her pocket. The spear of conscience will only penetrate through that joint. A hundred voices are raised in protest against Lord Moynihan's letter, and against mischievous efforts by Press and public to sow dissension among nations. I strongly dissent. It is not Press and public that are in the wrong now. The politicians of France still wallow in the darkness in which our own were plunged before the crisis. They dare not trust the French nation, and do not realize that to-day in the ideal of international peace and understanding the Peoples of the World are ahead of their leaders.

INTERNATIONAL IGNORANCE.—When last week Mr. Hoover, in his frank and grave review of the American economic plight, announced the inability of the Federal Government to provide a national scheme of unemployment benefit, none who vaguely comprehends the American Constitution can have felt surprise. What surprised and depressed me were two startling facts which came to my notice about the same time from authoritative sources. (1) Not only the outside world, but America herself, believes that the present system of unemployment relief for that cohort of workless, which may well reach 10,000,000 this winter, is purely voluntary and charitable. Whereas in sober truth 70 per cent. of that relief is charged on what we should call rates; local funds provided by local taxation have been drained dry to provide "doles" up to the princely scale of £500 a year per household. (2) Few people in America have the faintest conception that the British scheme of unemployment relief is (at any rate in theory) planned and worked on a contributory insurance basis. These two instances of blind, unreasoning, obstinate refusal to comprehend the vital economy of a sister State, throw a glaring light on the difficulties that lie in the path of international understanding. I doubt if many people in England and America realized until last week that (even under the new screw) the American middle-class family-man pays in direct taxation not a tenth part of what his British opposite number pays.

LORD HAILSHAM.—The return of Lord Hailsham to the Woolsack has been confidently rumoured. That position, formerly the most influential and important and still one of the most lucrative in the public service, remains one of the two or three chief plums available for a lawyer of first-rate ability. For Lord Hailsham—who so short a time ago at the Caxton Hall poignantly indicated by a gesture that his elevation to the peerage ruined his political career—the Woolsack is at least a fitting refuge. He is still a young man in the 'fifties. Son of Quintin Hogg, who founded the Polytechnic, Douglas McGarel Hogg was educated at Eton and became a notable blood there. He was called to the Bar after considerable service in the South African War and rose with immense rapidity to the top of his profession. He is a first-rate parliamentary debater and amazingly quick to take and make his points. There is, I suppose, little doubt that had he not been raised to the peerage as Lord Chancellor in 1928 he would have succeeded Mr. Baldwin as leader of the party after that important Caxton Hall meeting. Would it have changed the course of political history?

SIR CHARLES TEGART.—The promotion of an Indian Police Commissioner to membership of the Council of India is unprecedented. But precedents were invented for men of such rare merit as Sir Charles Tegart. He is only just out of the forties but he has impressed his personality on his generation as few great men have done. He is one of those rarities of whom one says at first contact: Here is a superman. When Lord Byng's retirement was first mooted, Sir Charles was spoken of as his obvious successor, but the best years of his life—which he has risked a score of times with complete indifference—have been given to India and it is to be hoped that he will continue for another twenty years to give her those invaluable and unstinted services in her hour of need.

POLICE ECONOMY.—When police economy was being discussed by rank and file in London, an obvious reform in country districts leaped to the eye. The village policeman is a relic of barbarism and should be scrapped. We have passed the age when a village like (say) Cumnor, near Oxford, is an hour outside civilization and two hours from help from Oxford. Every village is on the telephone (and very soon every cottage will be on the grid). The village policeman in a country village—that ardent horticulturist—takes *on the average* twenty minutes to reach the scene of a crisis in his own village, properly garbed and ready for business. If tragedy falls on the cottage next his own, no doubt he can improve on his time. Now if the village policeman were scrapped and a police telephone installed by the village pump, a mobile patrol from the neighbouring town could reach the scene quite as quickly as the village policeman. If need be, a treble patrol on a motor-combination could arrive inside the maximum period of delay. Thus two centralized motor patrols, one on his constantly varied rounds and one on call at the county police station, could serve a five-mile radius round a given point and take the place of a score of village Dogberries. And there are always the special constables available in emergency. Strange that this reform tarries so long.

THE LIGHT HORSE CHARGE.—If the Labour Government were still in office (and pledged to economy and national reconstruction), should we have heard the welcome news that work on the land valuation scheme had been stopped, that recognition had been re-accorded to the cadet force, that a grant to the hunters' society for light horse breeding was after all to be given by the War Office? The answer is in the negative. These are little miscellaneous straws which indicate the nature of the government in power. It is not at any rate an iconoclastic government. It is—dare I say it?—rather conservative in policy, jealous of preserving ancient traditions. Truth of course may very seldom be spoken until after the revolution of a hundred years. A century hence it is probable that no one will scream out his indignation if an historian of the Great War avers that if all fox hunting had been abolished before 1914 it had been utterly inconceivable that a corps of cavalry had been maintained (with its mountainous burden of expense, futility, and cumbrous inconvenience) in France right up to the end of the War. One day the influence of fox hunting on War Office policy will be set out in a startling and illuminating volume. For a hundred years our army has been run for, and by, fox hunters. (And on the whole, very well run, too.)

EDWIN MONTAGU ON INDIA.—I have been looking into the Diary of Edwin Montagu's now historic Indian Tour, 1917–18. It was written by him for the private eye of Mr. Lloyd George, the Premier, with no thought of publication. If we consider how far that little candle—the historic pronouncement of August 20, 1917—has thrown its light; if we calculate the measure of trouble which has fallen on England and India since Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford put their heads together (for better or worse I do not know), this diary, now made public under Mrs. Montagu's editorship, cannot fail to interest thousands of people. Here, for example, is a very early entry which arrested my attention *apropos* of something I said last week about the Indian mind:

> December 26. If it were not for the one difficulty of their finding men, I would not have the slightest hesitation in giving Bombay complete responsible government—not the slightest. But it is interesting to note that even people who are more or less extreme in policy do not like any responsibility. They want power to make their resolutions binding on the existing Executive, but they do not wish to take over the work of the Executive. I sympathise with them. . . . And yet, when anyone else argues that they are not fit for responsible government, people like Jinnah say that you are insulting their nationality.

A pregnant passage; one of many. Myself, I never believed that politicians can get to know India by a Cook's tour, an opinion I share with Kipling and others. But after glancing through Montagu's diary, I am struck by the valuable harvest of truth he quickly reaped. But having reaped, ground, kneaded, baked, and digested it, why in the world did he and his successors so lamentably underrate its value?

sletter

MONTACUTE.—I note from a youthful diary that exactly thirty years ago, I was packing up to spend Christmas at Montacute, that grand Elizabethan House which, it is now officially announced, has been acquired for posterity by our two great preservation societies. It was, of course, the jolliest place for the young (and warm-blooded) to spend a Christmas revel in. Cold, I admit, and eerie in that great gallery at the top of the stone staircase, with its tennis net fixed to catch in ghostly arms the unwary child on his way to bed in the moonlight. For 350 years the Phelips family lived in it. A cadet of the house played a big part in Charles II's get-away from England, and the family had intimate associations with the two neighbouring architectural jewels—Barrington and Brympton. Barrington Court is already protected and was once a Phelips property. From Brympton the present owner's mother came to Montacute, for she was a daughter of Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane whose grandson still owns Brympton. Lord Curzon "rationalized" Montacute and opinions differ as to the taste of his modernizations. But, at any rate, he made it habitable according to modern standards of comfort. Much of the land has gone, including the extraordinary pointed hill which gave the house its name. And what do you think was the name of the old family coachman whom I remember in my youth? He was Mr. Montacute, if you please!

A SHREWD BUT PERSECUTED DEAN.—Did the Dean of St. Paul's have his tongue in his cheek when a few days ago he ventured to refer (as guest of the "Savage") to the conspiracy in Fleet Street to throw mud at a shy and retiring scholar translated to St. Paul's from a professorial chair, merely because that self-effacing cleric had ventured to propagate through the agency of the newspapers his message of Christianity? I think he had, for I credit him with a sense of humour; and indeed, after castigating the "guttersnipes of Fleet Street," he frankly admitted that a good deal of sunshine had come his way in a golden shower. The shy scholar became something better than a gaitered dean. He became a journalistic best seller. And deservedly. For he knows what the public wants—Christianity without yawns and knowledge in strawberry jam; and withal he shrewdly knows how to put his finger on the weak point and the popular point. Hence the golden shower of sunshine. And very shrewd is his attack on literary criticism to-day. With few exceptions, he said, newspapers conduct their book reviewing in a way that is no credit to literature. Good literary critics are so rare that we gasp when we read careful and impartial book reviews. They are to be found in about half-a-dozen dailies and about a dozen weeklies. For the rest . . . the author, instigated by his publisher, writes his own (flaming) review of his latest work of genius and for the convenience of critics prints it in bold type on the wrapper, with appropriate advertisement excerpts in italics. It is all made too easy for critic and author alike. The reading public is the common dupe.

OXFORD TO-DAY.—Oxford has proved herself supreme on the football field. When the next silly season comes round (it is now a triennial event) and we raise again the question: Is Oxford decadent? I shall recall the thrills of that eternally thrilling fixture at Twickenham and register up the Rugger victory in Oxford's favour. When we ask this time-honoured question, we really are asking whether the golden youth of *England* is decadent. Therefore I shall conveniently forget that Oxford's Rugger victory was largely due to the vim and virility of the Universities of Minnesota, U.S.A., Capetown, Auckland, Sydney, and Otago, which furnished nearly half the side. The home of lost causes is the University of Empire. ("Exactly so," say the old school Imperialists.) I have reason to believe that the only true signs of a possible loss of *esprit de corps* and vigour in Oxford are to be furnished by those who give their services to coaching the Oxford Eight. They will tell you that nowadays the Oxford Eight in training is not the happy family of keen and single-minded enthusiasts that once it was. It is a harder job than it was to keep the spirit burning. . . . On the other hand, there are clear indications that the spirit of economy is burning brightly. Never has there been such unanimity between fellows and undergraduates to reduce expenses.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE CHILDREN'S SEASON: Eager eyes all over the world are being glued to shop windows nowadays. The shops, from the great multiple stores of the capital to the tiny village emporia, are displaying every conceivable variety of toy, game, and sport to delight the younger generation. Dolls, animals, mechanical toys, soldiers, musical instruments, packages, boxes, parcels, tins—all draw their meed of hope and desire. Despite the general slump, the toy shops and toy departments are thronged

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES DRIVE: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose out for a drive in Hyde Park in the winter sunshine. The princesses are two of the very few people to travel in carriages nowadays, and they invariably attract a great deal of attention. Princess Elizabeth has already acquired the perfect "royal smile"—graciousness, dignity, and, apparently, perfect spontaneity being blended therein

FLOWERS FOR THE DUCHESS: The Third Lady in the Land receives a bouquet from the hands of a tiny tot at the opening of a new block of flats in the Lisson Grove area—a part of a great slum clearance scheme in which H.R.H. has been interested for some time

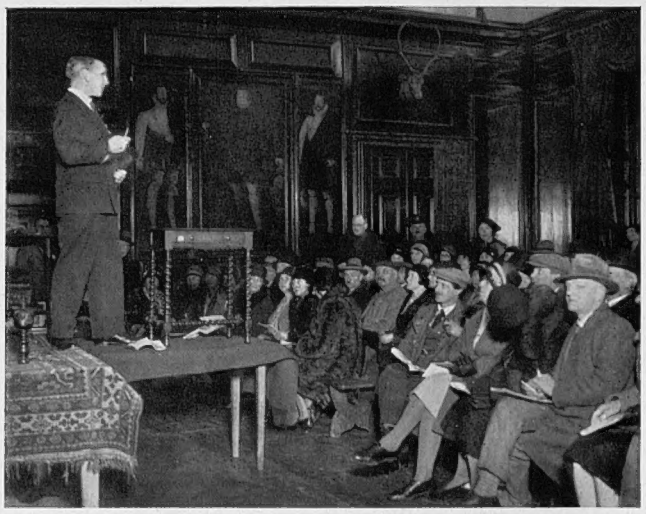
SMILING ACKNOWLEDGMENT: The Duchess of York waves to the cheering crowd from the balcony of the St. Marylebone Housing Association Flats in Salisbury Street—the block that completes the Salisbury Street-Lisson Grove slum clearance scheme

HOME NEWS

A Pictorial Survey of the Latest British Events

THE BRONCHO LORRY: A strenuous test undergone by products of the Scammel works, Watford. Among other evolutions, they are loaded with four tons of steel and driven in and out of a pit 3ft. deep. The lorries will negotiate boggy ground with ease

AN IMPROVISED ESCAPE: A rope of curtains enabled thieves to escape after robbing a furrier's in Princes Street Cavendish Sq.



A SALE OF DISTINCTION: The auction held in Lullingstone Castle, the 500-year-old stronghold at Eynsford, Kent. The late owner, Sir William Hart Dyke, died some three months ago and the new owner, his son, cannot maintain so large an establishment

£17,000 DIVIDED AMONG 18,000: Police guard the funds to be shared out among the members of the West Green Slate Club, claimed to be the largest in the suburbs. The bearers of the cash were also defended by armed men

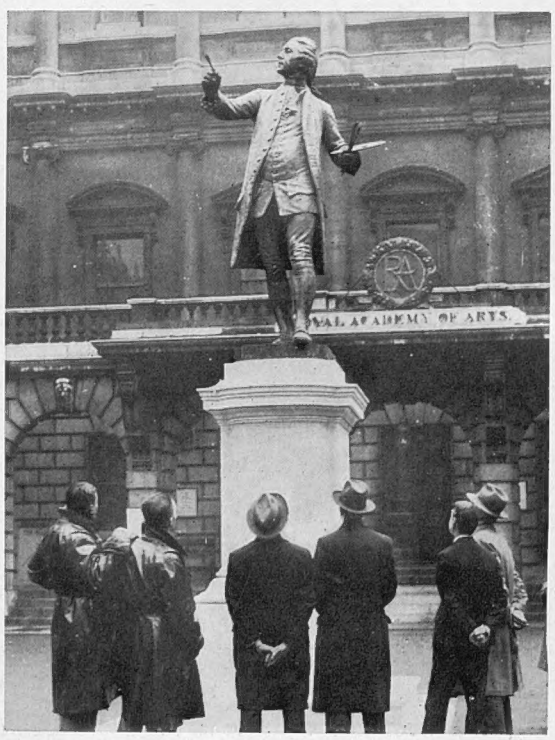
A SLOPING KERB on the London-Coventry road near Birmingham, to prevent cars striking it from overturning

FAINTING FOOTBALL FANS at the Anglo-Spanish soccer match at Highbury, at which 55,000 saw the home team triumphantly victorious by seven goals to one, were attended by St. John's Ambulance

IMPORTED MILK from Norway dumped from the B. and N. Norwegian Mail boat *Jupiter* on the Commissioners' Quay, North Shields. The milk left by lorry immediately for the South. The question of milk-dumping is under Governmental consideration

MISS FAY COMPTON IN PANTOMIME: A scene during rehearsals for *Dick Whittington* at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. The famous dramatic actress is seen with "The Guard"—something of a novelty in youthful pantomime choruses

A SCOTTISH NOTE was struck at the marriage at Brompton Oratory between Mr. T. R. B. Sanders and Miss Marion MacDonald. The bride, is, of course, a Scot, and the pages were in Highland dress



THE FIRST P.R.A: The statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds has just been unveiled. It stands in the forecourt of Burlington House—fittingly enough—and the style of the statue recalls the painter's own work

THE KING OF THE AIR: Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, presented prizes at the West of England Motor Club Dinner at Exeter. The premier award went to Mr. A. E. Perrige

PICTURES from all QUARTERS

TO THE HEROES OF THE SOMME: Workmen clean the tablets enshrining the names of the 73,367 British officers and men who fell in the Somme area. The memorial at Thiepval, standing 140 ft. high, which has taken three years to build, will be unveiled by the Prince of Wales next March. The tablets bearing the names were carved in England

ALPINE SPORT IN AMERICA: The California Mountains provide extremely good winter sports, and when the news comes through of the first fall of snow at, say, such a famous resort as Big Pine, all Moviedom piles skis into cars, arrays itself in suitable kit, and disports itself on the slopes

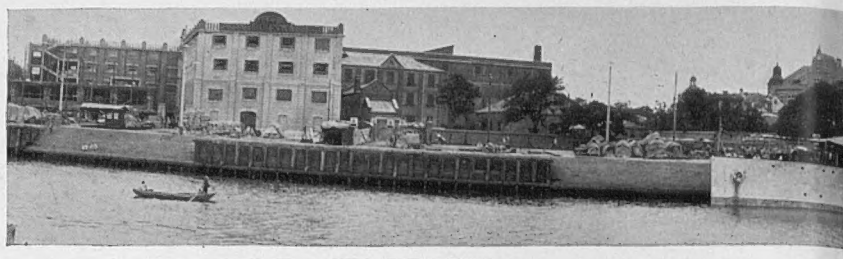
A COLD, WET, WINTER JOB: A workman engaged in cutting rushes on the banks of the Tay, at Clashbennie, near Errol, Perthshire, with the aid of a "heuk." The rushes are used for the thatching of cottages, for which there is a definite demand in rural Scotland—a feature which adds much to the rustic charm of the country

THE VICE-REINE HUNTS IN INDIA: A new picture of Lady Willingdon, who is a keen horsewoman and seldom misses a day with the Delhi. The social strain of high office falls as heavily on the shoulders of an official's wife as the political stress falls upon the official himself

ON THE EDGE OF THE

A First-Hand Narrative from a "Sphere" Commissioner in Tientsin. H
Death of the Japanese Officer, Captain Nakamura, an
in Manchuria as Felt by Western Resident

By R. V. C.



THE BUND OF TIENTSIN: *It is in this city that "The Sphere's*

Before describing my experiences in the Sino-Japanese clash in Manchuria, it is essential that the circumstances which led up to the Japanese occupation of Mukden should be understood. The whole thing happened so suddenly, at a time when people at home were preoccupied with their own affairs, that few had time to realize that what outwardly appeared to be a local difference of opinion between two Eastern races was in reality a crisis of no less importance than that of July, 1914, and one which affected Great Britain closely.

For many months previous to Japan's open act of hostility the Chinese Government had been demanding, with daily increasing insistence, the abolition of foreigners' extra-territorial rights in China (i.e. the abolition of rights whereby certain European nationals, Americans, and Japanese can live in specified cities under the jurisdiction of their own law courts, some of them in special national concessions, and with further guarantees that any citizens of those favoured countries arrested for offences outside these special areas are to be handed over to the nearest Consul for trial).

The Chinese Government had made out so strong a case in favour of allowing them to assume full control of the courts of justice that the British Government was seriously considering the ratification of the abolition of extra-territorial privileges in the near future. It is true that all British residents in China had grave misgivings on the subject, having before their eyes recent examples of deliberate misadministration of justice in the Chinese courts, quite apart from the general hostile attitude to foreigners and the flagrant cases of bullying on the part of Chinese officials. The French and the Italians and the Japanese were less ready to surrender their rights, but waited to see what Great Britain would do. However, unless some unforeseen event occurred, it seemed a foregone conclusion that the abolition of extra-territoriality, with all its attendant consequences, would soon be an accomplished fact.

The unforeseen event came with unexpected suddenness in the guise of what is now known as the Thorburn incident. A young Englishman called Thorburn left the foreign concession in Shanghai one day early in June and proceeded on foot along the Nanking viséd, was making a journey along the western section of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and had reached a place called Minanchen, when he was arrested by a party of Chinese soldiers on a charge of espionage and immediately executed, the body being burnt.

The Japanese Government made the usual protests through diplomatic channels, but had their Notes treated in the same way as those presented by Great Britain in connection with the Thorburn case, and the investigations would have no doubt dragged on futilely as with the British had not the military party in Japan overruled the more moderate section of the Government and ordered the move on Manchuria. To outsiders, unacquainted with the ways of the Chinese and forgetful of the previous provocations, this action may have seemed an arbitrary manner of settling an International difference; but to foreign residents in China, who had again and again witnessed the Chinese inability to understand the regard in which human life is held by others, the Japanese action was quite justified. Furthermore, as was to be expected, the moment any force was shown a wail went up from the Chinese calling out for help and intervention from those nations whose citizens they had bullied and ill-treated because they thought they could do so without fear of reprisals.

When the first news of the Japanese occupation of Mukden became known I was living on the railway line, where he apparently fell in with some Chinese military police who tried to molest him. Thorburn, who was armed, shot two of the policemen and escaped, only to be later arrested. He was taken before a Chinese colonel who subsequently stated that, believing Thorburn to be a Russian, he had him summarily executed without trial because he would not make satisfactory replies to the questions he was being asked. (Apart from the brutality of the murder the case is interesting in showing that the mistaken idea that Thorburn was a Russian, and *therefore without extra-territorial rights*, could make it feasible in Chinese eyes to destroy him with impunity.)

The colonel, after the deed was done, had doubts about the wisdom of his action, and consequently had Thorburn's body burnt and sealed the mouths of all witnesses, so that when the British Government made inquiries about the young man's disappearance the Chinese authorities denied all knowledge of ever having seen him. Thorburn's arrest had, nevertheless, leaked out before the colonel had issued his instructions, so that though the British Minister in Peking was preparing to accept the Chinese Government's denial of all knowledge of the affair, the Shanghai Press raised such an outcry that the Minister was obliged to return to Nanking and reopen the case. It was not, however, until November and *after* the Japanese acts of aggression that the Chinese Government was obliged to confess to the murder, and though trying to whitewash themselves by saying that the murderer was a mere subordinate who was being adequately punished (fourteen years' imprisonment), it was evident that this was a test case in the matter of abolition of extra-territoriality.

Nevertheless Great Britain made no threats of reprisals during all those months during which the Chinese Government were putting the matter off with lame excuses, and eventually accepted the Chinese apologies which, according to a Chinese point of view, was a sign of weakness. However, repercussion was to come from an unexpected direction, for in August a second incident of the same nature as the Thorburn murder occurred. A Japanese officer, Captain Nakamura, bearing a Chinese passport, fully Manchurian border at a Chinese seaside resort called Peitaiho within a few miles of Shan Hai Kwan, where the Great Wall of China runs into the sea. The local press had given no hint of what was going to occur, and the first intimation we foreign residents had that anything was amiss was the sudden disorganization of the local train service. This, however, did not really surprise us as it had occurred earlier in the season when the young Marshal, Chang Hsueh Liang, was moving his Manchurian levies inside the Wall so that he could have them in readiness to throw in his lot with the Government which he considered most worthy of his support.

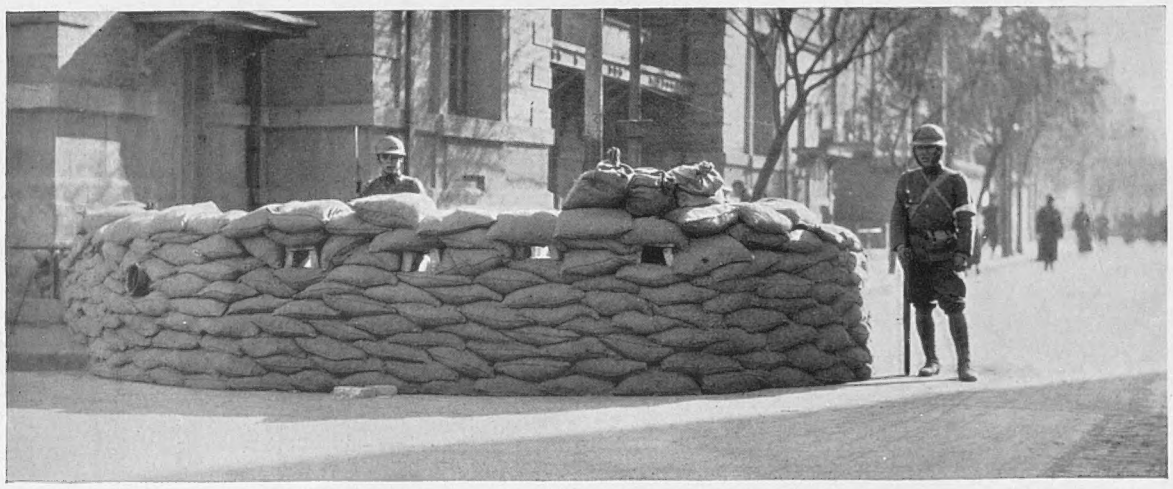
When, however, days passed and no trains at all appeared at our seaside branch station, rumour began to circulate, the chief one being that the Japanese had invaded Manchuria and blown up all the bridges. My ricksha coolie went as far as assuring me that in a few days the Japanese would be among us massacring everyone. No one, however, paid any attention to these stories and life went on as usual.

Then, as a bomb dropped from the sky, came the official news that the occupation of Mukden was a *fait accompli* and that the Japanese were in reality moving towards the Great Wall. All communications between Mukden and Pekin were held up owing to the strategic retreat of the Chinese army, while its Generals were issuing stringent orders to their troops "against heedlessness in presence of the enemy." In other words, the Chinese army was making a dash for safety as fast as locomotives would drag it, with distinct instructions on no account to try and fight the Japanese, while the civilian population was left to look after itself.

To those unacquainted with the Chinese military forces this action seemed to point to a definite desire for peace, and it was naturally explained as such in the Chinese Press, but in reality it confirmed what all foreign residents in China knew, that the Chinese army, though vast in numbers, was perfectly useless if it had to face troops other than ill-armed bandits or other Chinese soldiers! The enormous yearly expenditure of money on the army, crippling the nation with taxes, was at last being shown up as an imposition of ambitious politicians and war lords whose authority depended on a rabble of armed coolies whose first action, when faced with regular troops in a ridiculously small proportion (I believe that one Japanese brigade was the cause of the flight of many Chinese divisions), was to make one headlong dash for safety.

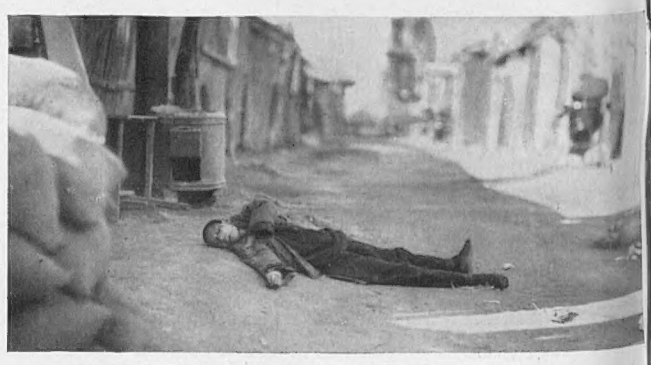
Although there was no panic among Europeans, however, and the Japanese were not even fighting, the panic among the natives created a situation which suddenly began to affect us in an unforeseen manner for, with the departure of the tradesmen for safer areas, a shortage of the necessities of life became a serious menace. We still had some stores; but as the butchers and the grocers, the fishmongers and the vegetable dealers had all vanished during the first panic, it looked as if means of sustenance would likewise disappear.

For the moment there seemed to be no likelihood of finding places on a train running North, and it was equally improbable that goods sent down from Tientsin would reach us. The only solution to the problem, therefore, was to forage for ourselves. By good fortune it happened to be the shooting season as well as the best time for sea fishing, so while one group of our community went out at dawn and dusk to slaughter duck and wild geese, another group took to the sea and



THE JAPANESE CONCESSION *in Tientsin where the military atmosphere is distinctly in evidence with barbed-wire, sandbags, and armed sentinels*

BRITISH PHLEGM *is to be seen not only in on fashion as it does in peace-time, but even in the fe*

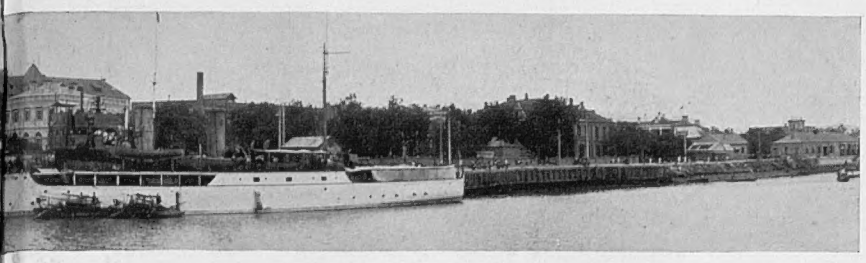


A COMMONPLACE: *To shoot first and ask questions (or refuse to answer them) afterwards is the order of the day in China*

MANCHURIAN CAULDRON

here Sets Forth a Vital Connection Between the Thorburn Case and the goes on to Describe the Actual Effects of the Fighting at Tientsin and on the Chinese Seaboard

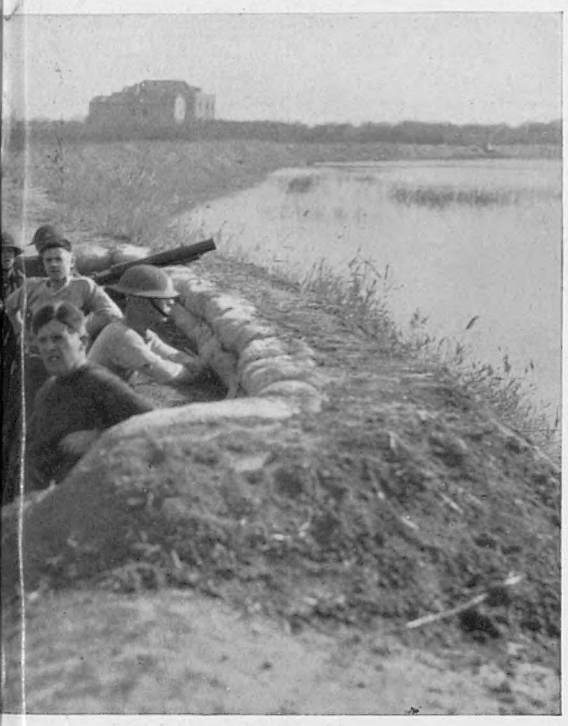
BODLEY



Special Commissioner experienced actual contact with Sino-Japanese fighting

fished all day, while a third party raided the neighbouring farmhouses for chickens and eggs.

However, though this means of nourishing ourselves was quite satisfactory, it could not go on for ever; the weather was becoming chilly, soon the north China autumn winds would be blowing icily from the Mongolian steppes, in a few months the sea would begin to freeze over and it would be impossible to keep warm in bungalows built for summer holidays. An enterprising member of our community decided that the only thing to do would be to cajole the local station-master into producing some rolling stock which could be attached to one of the military trains and thus take us North.



Concession in Tientsin, where life goes on in the same easy pickets such as this, established on the racecourse

This was successful, and it was fortunate that we had "wangled" sleeping-cars, for just as we were about to be towed up the branch line to the main junction, news came through that yet another strategically retreating General was commandeering rolling stock, so with great presence of mind the station-master counter-ordered the departure of our train and kept it at the branch station until he could safely send us North. Even then we took fourteen hours to cover a distance which normally takes six, as during the whole of our journey we were continually having our train shunted to allow anxious troop trains, hurrying in the direction opposed to the enemy, to pass.

Our arrival in Tientsin was a great relief; it seemed so unusual to find streets thronged with traffic and see shops in which unlimited quantities of food could be bought; the feeling of security made one forget the atmosphere of war which was, nevertheless, much in evidence.

At the same time it was evident that the Japanese were complete masters of the situation and smiled self-assuredly at the Chinese pathetic attempt to save their faces. "Fight to the death!" was the slogan of the Chinese students, who issued proclamations such as the following: "Starting to-day students of the National Tsing Hua University will undergo *three weeks* of military training in preparation for the day when the youth of China will be called upon to defend the country against Japan!"

Martial law, riots, massacres, looting are all such common occurrences to the older foreign residents in China that when the first indications of trouble are observed they merely set their teeth and endeavour to ignore the tumult about them. The men continue going to their business, the women carry on with their daily lives with a surprising indifference to the sound of rifle or machine-gun fire. This is not bravado, but just a determination not to panic, for as one lady said to me:

"With the Chinese it is all a matter of seconds, and the slightest loss of self-control may start a riot. The trouble often blows over in a few days; but the smallest incident, an argument with a ricksha coolie, the jostling of a policeman, may create a disturbance which can easily lead to looting and massacre." And this is the truth, for in spite of all kinds of rumours and reports no one has yet been able to state definitely what started the trouble in the native city of Tientsin a few nights ago.

When I went to bed the town was perfectly quiet. At dawn steady rifle fire and the rattle of machine guns woke me up, but even then it never occurred to me that it was anything more serious than foreign troops manœuvring. But when my boy, with a haggard face, called me I knew that something had happened.

"Cook no have come," he said fearfully.

"Why not?"

"Japanese fighting in city, no man allowed into Foreign Concessions!"

I got up, and as soon as I had had my breakfast went out to investigate.

The main streets of Tientsin were almost deserted; policemen stood with revolvers in their hands at every cross road, stopping all Chinamen and searching them, while any loitering foreigners were hurried along. As I turned down one of the side streets a constable was calling out to a Chinaman in a long blue gown to halt; the Chinaman could not or would not hear; the policeman called again but still the man walked on. The constable raised his revolver and fired, the Chinaman made a sound like a suppressed cough and collapsed; two other policemen rushed up to the body and began searching it; with a cry of triumph they produced two Mauser pistols and some fifty rounds of ammunition from the fold's of the man's gown.

I continued my walk alert and listening carefully for any challenge from policemen. The first Foreign Concession through which I had to pass was the British, and I was at once conscious of an atmosphere of orderly peace. The policemen on point duty waved cars to right and to left, ricksha coolies trotted along the well-kept road, people shopped unconcernedly; in fact the proverbial British calm was keeping up its reputation. The only outward evidence of trouble was the deserted aspect of the business offices, as practically all the Chinese employees were held up in the Chinese city where the fighting was taking place.

In the French Concession there was also an atmosphere of orderliness, but there were troops about in steel helmets, and in side streets could be seen tanks and armoured cars. The sound of firing was drawing much closer, and once inside the Italian Concession, which borders the Japanese, I came upon the first evidence of real war. Pickets at the corner of every street, barbed wire *chevaux de frise* ready to throw across the streets, machine-guns commanding the main arteries. I was unable to enter the Japanese area owing to the barricades and a very precise intimation from the officer of the guard to keep away, and it was evident that in this section of the foreign territories in Tientsin war had started in earnest. The streets were quite deserted and the rifle fire was continuous. I was too far away to see what the Japanese were shooting at, but occasionally an enemy bullet came whizzing up the street, making it clear that it would be better to return to the comparative safety of the British Concession.

I therefore retraced my steps and went in search of news, but no one seemed to have any! Somebody was fighting somebody else, but who, or why, remained a mystery. All foreign troops were "standing to," and the Chinese City was closed to everyone from without, and those within were not allowed to quit. The Japanese were shooting because shots were being fired at their Concession, but the general foreign opinion was that the Japanese had nothing to do with the trouble.

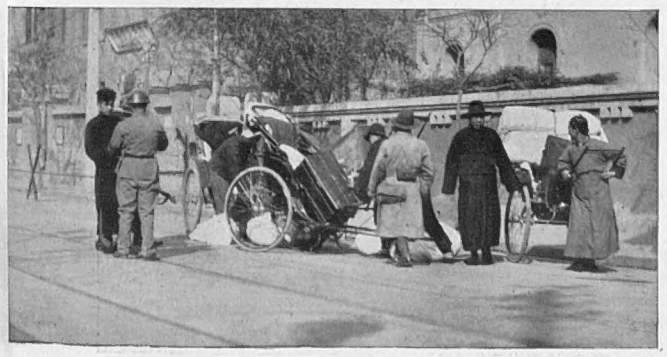
The following day the causes of the trouble began to leak out. It appeared that the city had been attacked by well-organized and well-armed bands of Chinamen in plain clothes, said to be disbanded soldiers of Shih Yusan's rebel army which had been defeated last summer. During the past months these outlaws had been secretly settling in the foreign concessions of Tientsin, gradually gaining touch with one another until they were in sufficient numbers to make an attack successful. The Chinese Press added that the movements of these men had been facilitated by the Japanese, and even suggested that they had issued them arms and ammunition, while some of the extreme anti-Japanese propagandists insisted that the attack had been launched from the protective zone of the Japanese Concession which borders the Chinese City (the alleged object of the Japanese being to stir up sufficient strife to justify them in calling in large reinforcements from Japan to take over all Chinese areas and restore order). The Japanese naturally denied these allegations but issued a proclamation, parts of which to my mind were rather unfortunately worded and gave credit to much of what the Chinese were saying, e.g.

"If the honour of the Japanese troops is threatened or Japanese interests are endangered, or any kind of persecution is given to Japanese nationals, the Japanese troops will take the necessary steps for the defence of such rights and interests."

However, whatever may have been the cause of the trouble, the Chinese police in the city were prepared for the attack, and the plain clothes raiders were received with such effective fire that their attack failed. The fighting then resolved itself into local encounters and sniping, and to comprehensive executions of Chinamen found to be carrying arms. Looting became general, and a state of siege having been proclaimed, it became impossible for the Chinamen employed by foreigners, among them my cook, to return to their work.

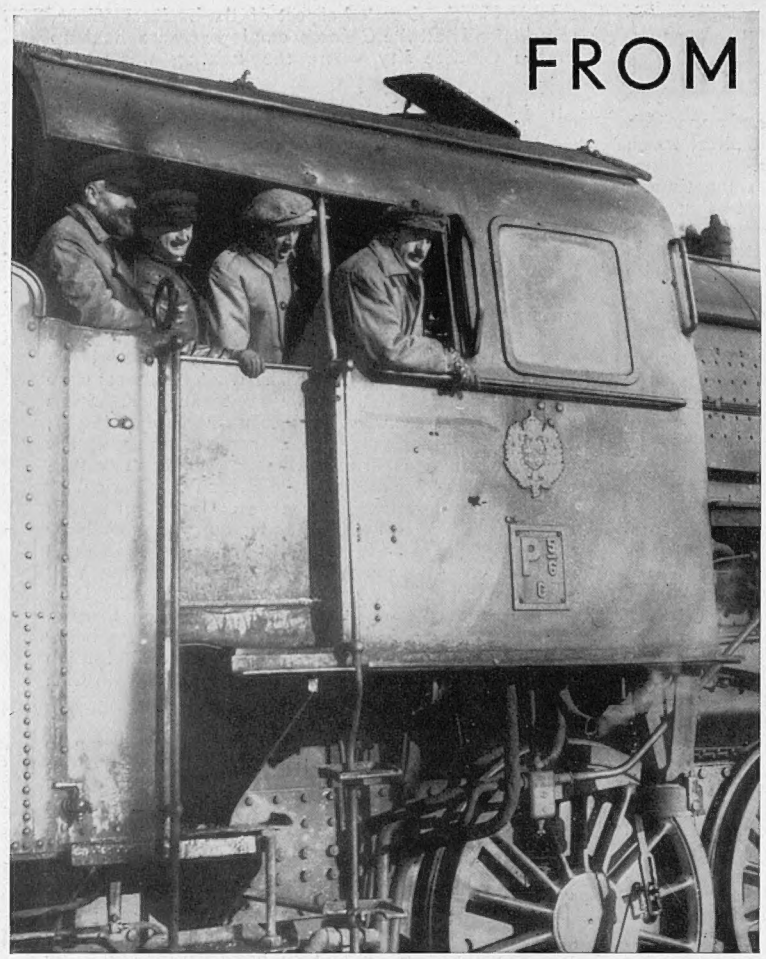
After three nights of street warfare the plain clothes men decided to retire and reorganize in the stolid security of the Foreign Concessions (an excellent example of the value of extra-territoriality, for in times of trouble all the Chinese, whether bandits or foreigners' employees, know that in the Concessions, which their Government want to see abolished, they are quite safe), but found the normal routes all barred, so they dispersed into the country and endeavoured to filter in under the guise of refugees from the outlying villages. Here, however, they encountered British pickets which they could not pass without being searched, and as any man found carrying arms or ammunition was liable to be shot without trial, very few of the rebels succeeded in regaining safety.

THE ITALIAN CONCESSION *in Tientsin had perforce to go in for military defence owing to its adjacence to that of the Japanese Concession, naturally the* locale *of most fighting*

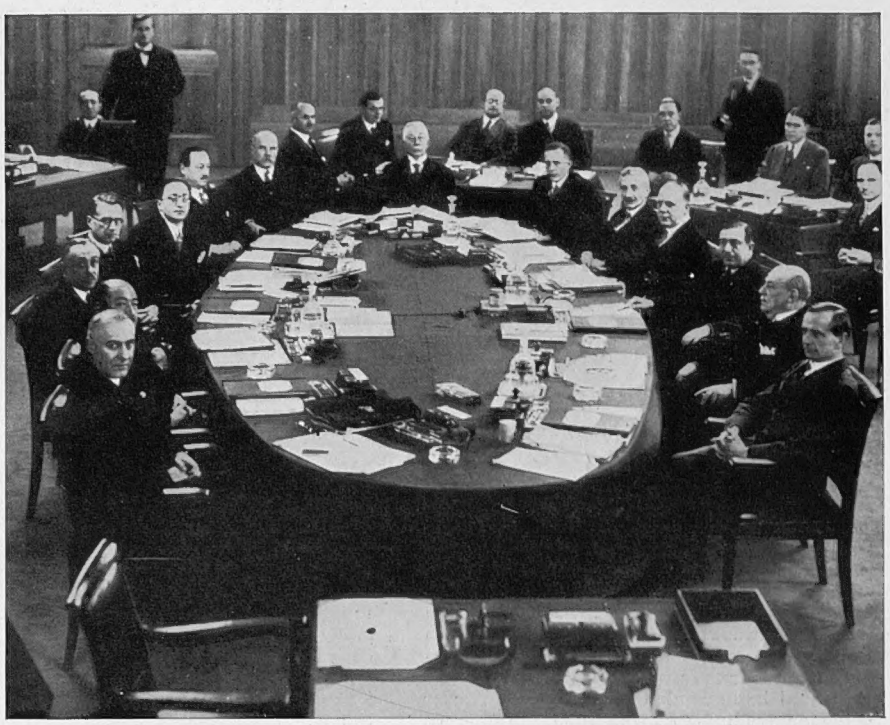


MARTIAL LAW *established by Japan, whose troops stop and search rickshas in which Chinese suspects travel*

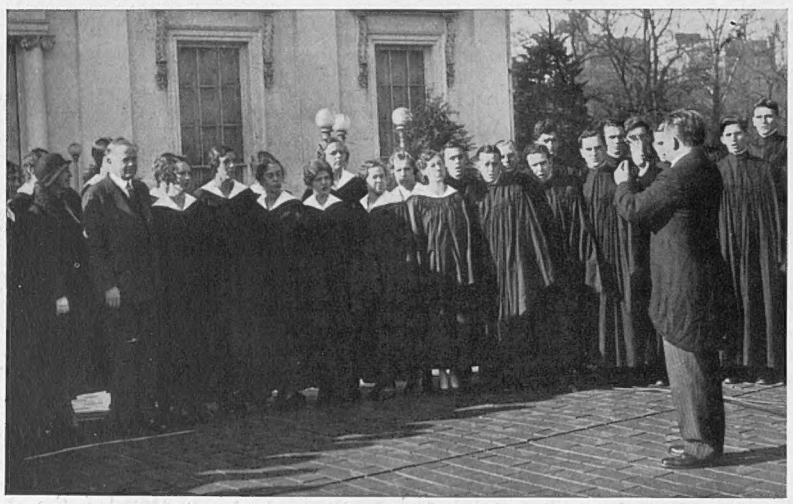
FROM the ENDS of the EARTH



THE ROYAL ENGINE DRIVER: King Boris of Bulgaria has as one of his many hobbies the driving of the main express train of his country. The King is seen above with his brother, Prince Cirille, and mechanics preparing to start on a run. The Queen of Bulgaria often accompanies him on his excursions

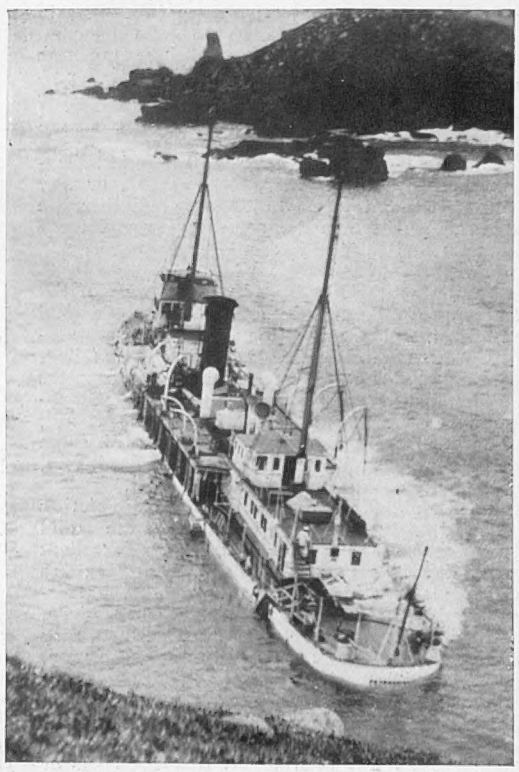


THE BASLE ENQUIRY ON THE YOUNG PLAN: Dr. R. G. Bindschedler (Switzerland), Mr. D. Nahara (Japan), Dr. Diowitsch (Jugo Slavia), Drs. Vellman and Michaelis (Dollmetscher), Mr. O. Rydbeck (Sweden), Prof. C. Rist (France), Mr. H. Colyn (Holland), Messrs. Graf and Melchior (Germany), Dr. W. Stewart (U.S.A.), Prof. A. Beneduce (Italy), President, M. E. Francqui (Belgium), and Sir Walter Layton, (Great Britain)

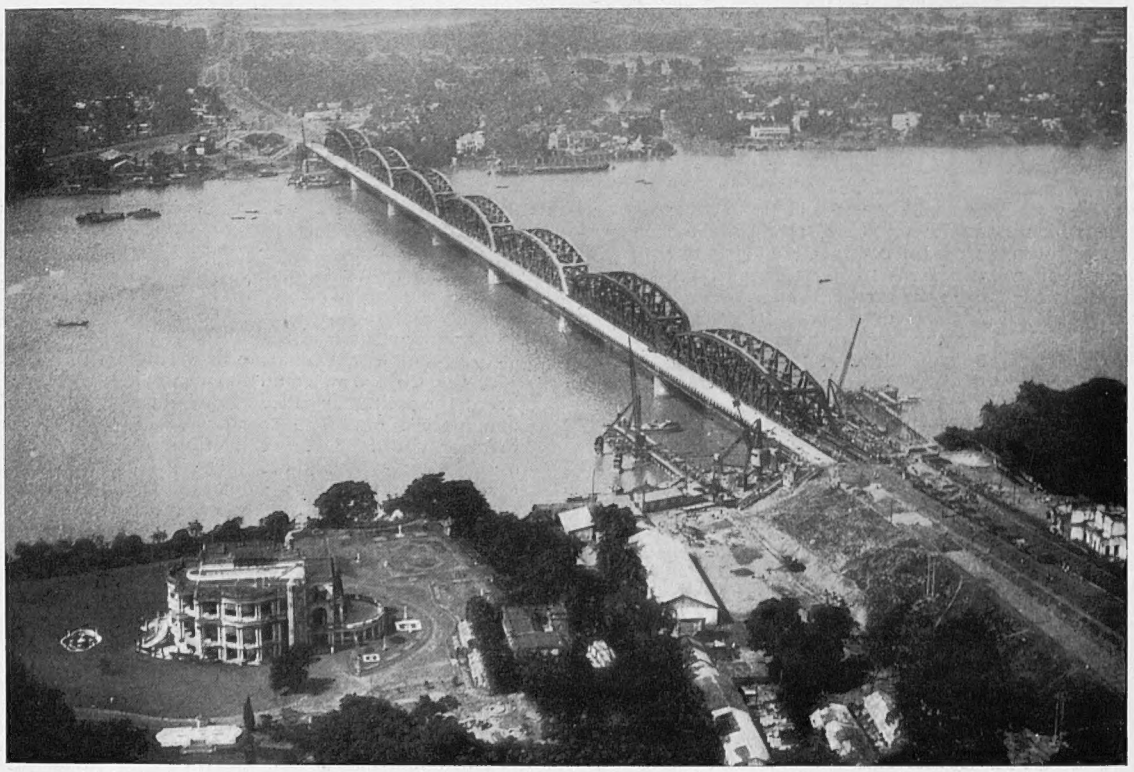


"MUSIC HATH CHARMS": Members of the choir of Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio, who have been making a tour of the Eastern States, sang to President and Mrs. Hoover at the White House

AMERICA HONOURS FRANCE: General Stanley Ford, military *attaché* at the U.S. Embassy, awarded at Les Invalides, the American D.S.O. to Captain Drouhin who acted as *liaison* officer for the American Expeditionary Force during the War



A CASUALTY-LESS WRECK: The hulk of the British sloop *Petersfield* which ran ashore on Tung Yung Island. Everyone abroad was saved



SPANNING THE HOOGHLY: An aerial picture of the new East India Railway bridge at Bally, near Calcutta, to be opened by the Viceroy next week. Four of the seven spans were floated into position and lowered on the ebbing tide. 20,000 tons of steel, over a million rivets, and over 100 tons of paint have been used on the bridge

WINDJAMMER

TO BECOME A TRAINING SHIP: The Swedish barque *Abraham Rydberg*, one of the last of her race. The idealistic version of sailing ships quoted, for example, by Eugene O'Neill in *The Hairy Ape*—"her sails stretching aloft, all silver and white, not a sound on deck"—is far from accurate. The ship, save in a dead calm, groans and creaks ceaselessly, while the ropes striking the canvas sound like revolver explosions

"A TALL SHIP": The Finnish four-masted barque, *Herzogin Cecilie*. The sails visible—all foresails—are, from the top: Skysail (or top royal), royal, topgallantsail, upper topsail, lower topsail, foresail (forecourse). From the bowsprit are rigged the foretopmast staysail, the inner jib, the standing (or outer) jib, and the flying jib

147 DAYS AT SEA: The four-masted barque *Hougomont* berthed in Millwall Docks after her 147 days' journey from New Zealand with a cargo of 46,000 sacks of wheat. She was delayed by a month owing to bad weather round that famous "sailor's curse," Cape Horn, where Masefield's *Dauber* (in which a magnificent description of wind-jammer life is presented) met his death

THE LAST OF THE BRITISH WIND-JAMMERS: A view taken through the rigging of the *Archibald Russell*. The subject of sailing ships is highly technical—some of the ropes, for example, being yards, others sheets, and still others shrouds. The task of reefing—especially round the Horn when the canvas is frozen stiff as a board—is incredible. The sailors are aloft on, say, the royal or skysail and have to clew the canvas in by main strength while the ship is heeling over to an acute angle, righting and heeling over the other way. It is uncommon for a sailor to have any finger-nails left after rounding the Horn

THE BLOOD INDIANS OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST

The Indians of the Great North-West are Not Converted to Christianity, but Incorporate Our Rites, Ceremonies, and Beliefs into their Own Code

By FREDERICK NIVEN

THE TREK TO THE SUN-DANCE: Indians leave their village to participate in the traditional, but now emasculated, ceremonies called Indian Days held at Banff

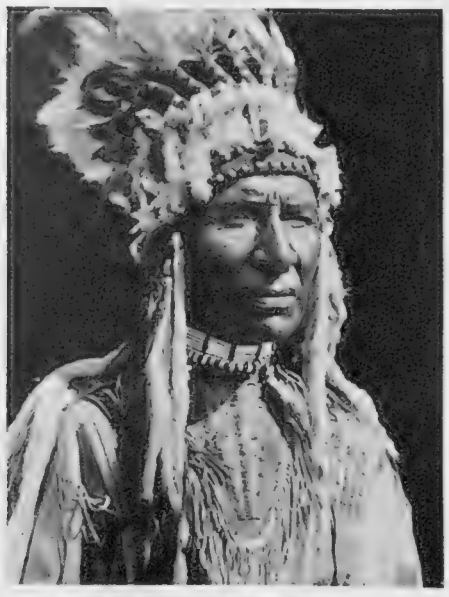
The Minister in charge of Indian Affairs had come to Calgary from Ottawa to preside at a conference of several agents from western reservations. My interest in those whom the ethnologists write of as the *Amerind* has been life-long; and he very courteously gave me permission to visit the reservation of the Blood Indians, which is situated in Southern Alberta, introducing me to their agent so that all necessary arrangements could be made.

At ten of the morning following the last day of the conference a car was at the door to pick me up and we motored south on a broad road that follows in great part the route of the North Trail on which the bullock-wagons used to crawl (sometimes in a veil of the dust they raised, sometimes axle-deep in mire) to and from Fort Benton, head of navigation for the old historic stern-wheel river-steamboats on the Missouri, and chief port of entry for the Nor'-West in the era before the railway. The great plains belonged then to the Indians—and to the buffalo and antelope; the barbed-wire had not been brought west in monstrous coils and unrolled across these expanses that are vast as the sea.

At a good gait we swept southward, the ninety miles from Calgary to Fort MacLeod a ribbon of gravel running under us. An infinitely high dome of azure space was overhead, and on the western horizon the Rocky Mountains wavered along, keeping us distant and majestic company. We slowed down to the leisurely pace ordained for "city limits" and purred through MacLeod; and a little later, having accelerated again, we passed a settlement of Mennonites and were then on the Blood Reserve.

The Blood Indians are of the celebrated Blackfoot tribe, sometimes referred to as the Blackfoot Confederacy, which comprises Blackfeet proper, Bloods, and Piegans. South of the boundary between the United States and Canada, in Montana, there is a large Blackfoot Reservation. On the Canadian side there are three reserves of these people. The one of the Blackfeet proper (on which are perhaps 900 Indians) is a tract of land about thirty-five miles long and fifteen deep lying along the southern side of the Canadian Pacific Railway track in the neighbourhood of Gleichen, Alberta.

The reservation of the Piegans, who number about 500, begins ten miles or so westward of Fort MacLeod, a plot, roughly twelve by twelve, the southern line of the C.P.R. running through it. The Bloods, of whom there are about 1,500, have a reservation fifty miles long by an average of fifteen broad, and containing 700 square miles, with the Belly River and St. Mary's River for its boundaries, its northern end a few miles south-east of MacLeod and south-west of Lethbridge, and its southern tip close to the town of Cardston, which is a Mormon centre and where there is a Mormon tabernacle.



BLACK FEATHER—a magnificent, if stern specimen of Blood Indian

Two rectangular protuberances rose out of the wash of gold and green and smears of purple through which we travelled, one of them the Anglican school and the other the Roman Catholic. And suddenly I was trying to put myself in the Indians' place in the matter of religion or religious observance: Mennonites to north of them, Anglicans and Roman Catholics with them, Mormons to south. On the grassy flanks of some buttes that rose to stately contours eastward I noticed three circles, as though stamped upon them, reminiscent of the buffalo-wallows one used to see before the plough took part in the great scheme of change.

"What are the circles?" I asked, and was told they showed the position of recent sun-dance lodges.

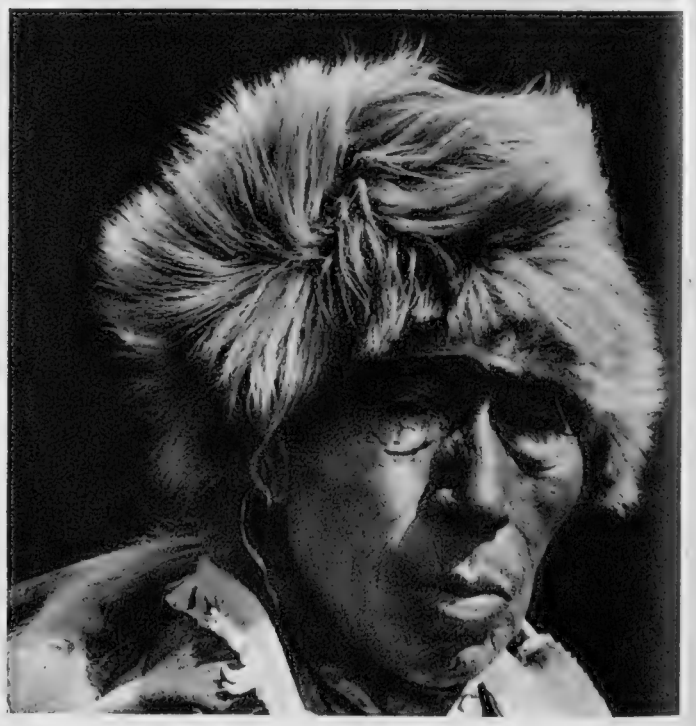
In the midst of each, by puckering my eyes against the suffused glitter from that blue cupola over us, I could pick out the sacred poles and, in the fork of each, the tuft of the bunch of brush that is symbolic of an eagle's nest. It is long since proselytizers came among the prairie tribes. For generations there have been missionaries of many churches and sects among them, both those whom they call the Black-Robes and those they designate the White Neck-ties; but still the sacred poles for the sun-dance lodges are raised annually on the long leisurely slopes of these buttes.

Father de Smet, as far back as 1846, lived among the Blackfeet, coming and going with them (they were not then confined upon reservations) in their movements from camping-ground to camping-ground, to proffer them, in exchange for their own ceremonials, these others which they spoke of as the *Seventh Day Ceremonials*. There might be something in them, or there might not; so they considered. They are a superstitious people, and *one never knows:* it might be all to the good, in some mysterious way, to cease from labour every seventh day, even if meat was scarce and a buffalo-herd passing.

In their own religion are many items of ritual and observance that are very much of the same genre as some of ours. Many of these Indians still, with fasting and prayer, see visions, and the subject of their vision, or some symbol of it, they carry with them as a secret talisman, somewhat as there are white people who, with neither fasting nor prayer, buy a silver-mounted rabbit's foot from a jeweller for luck. A day of abstinence from the hunt, unless they were really short of rations, was by no means unpleasing to a people with a love (even as ourselves) for having a day off.

But some, of course, were derisive about the Black-Robe's "medicine" and medicine-ceremonies. One such was

THE CHIEF of the North Blackfoot Indians, arrayed in all his finery. His face is lined with thought, weather, and age



NIGHT WANDERER—a typically grim specimen of his race, the Blood Indian now shorn of its pristine glory

preparing for the hunt when he was reminded that it was the day for the Black-Robe's ceremonial. He put up his head and laughed, and he said, in Blackfoot, whatever is the Blackfoot equivalent for "Says he!" And off he went a-hunting into the foothills, and there was killed by a grizzly bear. No doubt whatever, said de Smet, that Manitou had sent that bear to punish the man because of his contempt for Sunday observance. The Indians thought he might be right. You never can tell! And attendance at the Seventh Day Ceremonial had a fresh impetus.

That was over eighty years ago, but the drums throb for the sacred and pagan dances, and the pagan and holy chants still sound across the prairies every August.

They do not seem to have so much exchanged our rituals for their own as added a few of them to theirs, less been apostate toward their own rites than willing to link ours with them—the more the merrier as it were, or the more the safer and luckier—though, to a padre who one day discoursed to the chiefs and some of the sub-chiefs on the Ten Commandments, the chief, when he was done, commented, "We, too, have commandments. We have only five. But our five contain all your ten." No doubt they live up to their commandments as faithfully as we do to ours!

I fancy that neither the disciplining bucks nor the shrewish squaws are examples of the average. Marital felicity you can discern readily among them. Their affection for their children is marked, obvious, an outstanding characteristic, and so well known that to mention it is almost to commit platitude.

They are educated at the Anglican or Roman Catholic school; they are nursed, when ailing, at the hospital, by the Little Grey Nuns; when they die their bodies are left, in the ancient way, on some butte, with their most treasured gew-gaws beside them instead of flower wreaths, to the sound of pagan keening out of a thousand years. One way or another surely they should see Paradise.

With Mennonites on one hand, Mormons on the other, Anglicans and Roman Catholics in their midst, it seems both fair and wise that the Government, with all its forbidding, all its *don'ts*, some of them very essential for the Indians' welfare, yet that cannot but breed sullenness among those whose attitude towards the usurpers of their land is already of sullenness, has not put a ban upon the sun-dance. Not now may they insert wooden skewers under the breast-muscles, and with cords tied from them to the central pole, lean back, chanting to the throb of the mesmeric drums, till the sinews snap through—or they have fainted under the ordeal. That feature of

IN THE NATIVE FASHION: Indians (recorded by camera) passing through Banff. The child transport is typical of the race from Patagonia up to the Great North-West

BLOOD INDIANS: War paint and feathers are rivalled by the amazing costume worn by the squaw on the right

the ceremony has been interdicted by the white man's law, but otherwise it takes place much as of yore.

Perhaps even without our orders it would be eliminated. For slowly, but surely, through the years, do rituals of religions change to suit the progress, or the change of outlook, of the people professing them. There are white men who regret the neglect of church by the rising generation, and the loss of respect for the clergy; and similarly there are old Indians who regret that, even in the time of the sun-dance, there are young people who go away to lodges other than the sun-lodge, for dances not religious but secularly social, and have no respect for the medicine-men.

There are old Indians who bemoan that to the sun-dance, held for the good of copper-coloured souls, with prayers to the Great Spirit who is behind the life-giving sun for His aid toward bravery and fidelity and goodness, a religious observance, young people will now bring secret bottles of beer and whisky when they can procure them from bootlegging whites. Similarly it is conceivable there may be unsophisticated white people who, in the midst of Christmas celebrations (*Big Sunday*, by the way, is what these Indians call our Christmas Day), when the cocktails are circulating, wonder how the Mass of the Birth of Christ has come to be thus observed.

At the last sun-dance of the Bloods, those whose part it was to fell the forked trees wherewith to make poles for the "eagle's nest," and to bring up the brush with which to construct screens for the great ceremonial lodges, conveyed these from the coulée-bottom in a motor-truck—for if we have not given them perfect civilization (perhaps we have not it to give!) we have given them a considerable amount of mechanization.

Practically the only objection of the broadminded and the tolerant to the sun-dance, the barbarous part now eliminated, is that it is held at the time when the Indians should be hay-making. If meddle we must in such matters, instead of leaving them to Time, there might be tactful suggestions for a slight change in the date, harvesting and haymaking being now, instead of hunting, the Indians' chief means of support.

It is compulsory for them to go to school. One of the agent's manifold duties (an agent has to be bank-manager, agriculturalist, stockman, master-carpenter, plumber, and lay father-confessor all in one) is to draw up a list of absentee children and pass it to the mounted police, part of whose work it is to see that the absentees are made to attend. A certain proportion turn the education they receive to good service, though remaining none the less proud of being Indian.

On our way to call at the home of one of the progressives we met him, driving his grandson, in a democrat-wagon, to school. He being upon an errand so much after the heart of the government, we did not detain him long. He expressed himself, however, with a sweep of his great cow-boy hat, as pleased to meet us (my wife and me) and assured us that his wife, whom we would find at home, would be *tickled to death* to have us call. "Go right up," he said.

The agent had some question to ask him before we parted and, to the reply—evidently the Indian thought it an odd one and wished to accentuate the fact that, odd though it might sound, he spoke the truth—he gave the final flourish of, "Honest to God, sir, on Hell's-own Bible!" Here was progress indeed! Here was getting in touch with white culture! But I wondered just what the cleric who is chief of the Anglican school (with whom I had had a chat a little earlier) would have thought of that facility in English!

The bright little squaw was indeed delighted to welcome us into her home which was one of three rooms and kitchen. When she went to a bedroom to bring from a trunk there her husband's full-dress attire of buckskin and feathers for us to see, I had a glimpse of a brass bedstead and spotless white pillows that had lace edges. The house was even wired for electric light. When funds permitted it would be connected with the local system. "Next year," she said, glancing at the stove, "we hope to have a furnace in the cellar, but not this year—because of the depression."

Leaving that home of progress we passed on to call upon an old man who lived in a one-room cabin, the floor of which was but of earth. Ethnologists, I pondered, as we stood conversing before his door, chiefly by signs, often wish to know what Neolithic man was like, what his thoughts and his beliefs, his explanations and his dreams. And here, thought I, is a specimen of Neolithic man remaining in our midst who might, properly approached, with dignity and courtesy as a fellow human-being, in time reveal all that. There were the lines of thought and the stamp of intelligence on that face though it was not of our order, not of our age. He stood six-foot three, erect, lean and strong for all his seventy years. He wore a bead necklace, a grey flannel shirt, reach-me-down, or white man's second-hand suit, moccasins, and a high-crowned cowboy-hat.

In his treasured buckskins and his eagle war-bonnet he must be a sight for all painting men. The agent wanted to have a word with his son and asked where he was. The old man had sufficient knowledge of English to understand what was desired, but not enough to reply verbally. He made a very Indian gesture, raising and crooking an arm and giving it a curving motion eastward that clearly meant that his son was somewhere just beyond the ridge before us. We looked thither and saw, on the farther slope, a stirring of horses being bunched together by two galloping figures.

"Will you call him over?" asked the agent.

The ancient savage turned away without a word and passed into the tepee (a modern canvas tepee, of course, but with heraldic Indian pictographs on it) that stood beside his cabin. I wondered for a moment if he had left us in a huff for some reason unrevealed, but even as I so wondered he emerged with a fragment of a mirror in the palm of his hand. He looked up at the sun and then moved the glass to and fro. On the distant slope the young men who were rounding up the horses wheeled and looked toward us. Then the old man made some more movements with the mirror and one of them left the herd and rode his horse at a lope in our direction, disappeared in the coulée's bottom, reappeared on the ridge, heliographed for by the old savage—in the manner that Catlin and other early travellers and observers among these plains-people have described.

Yes, most of the old Blood Indians are very Indian still; and many of the young ones, too, even those who have clipped the braids from their hair and wear instead of moccasins, our feet-constricting shoes, and who say on introduction, "Pleased to meet you," very Indian—and proud of it!

That there are those among them who, at times, discipline an exasperating squaw with a belt or a switch, seems a pity, however aggravating the squaw may have been. It is not done in refined society! On the other hand I've heard of squaws who, in their own way, do most tyrannically henpeck their husbands so that they are masters only outside the tepee. Yet

AN ISLAND FORTRESS

THE ISLAND FORTRESS OF JANJIRA: This is built in an arm of the sea, extending 14 miles inland from the coast. The walls rise 100 ft. above high water level. The fortress has 19 bastions

THE ENTRANCE GATE to the fortress obtained in the XIV century by the Sidis of Abyssinia, one of whom, Sidi Sirul Khan, built a palace in the centre of the fortress. This is now only a shell

FORTIFICATION: One of the nineteen bastions, through the loopholes of which the muzzles of obsolete cannon still grin menacingly. An old gun is seen above

Nearly fifty miles south of Bombay the west coast of India becomes hilly and indented.

It is about here that there opens the Rajpuri Gulf, an arm of the sea extending inland for fourteen miles S.E. from the coast town of Murud. In the entrance to this gulf lies the mighty fortress rock of Janjira, cradle and foyer of the local State which bears its name.

Imagine an immensely thick battlemented wall, a mile in circumference, and rising sheer out of the water at high tide to close on 100 ft., strengthened at nineteen points by rounded bastions, through whose loop-holes may be seen the muzzles of old cannon still threatening that northern shore some half-mile distant, from which the enemies of Janjira so often bombarded and so continuously vituperated that impregnable stronghold..

Above the battlements rise the roofs of many dwellings and, crowning all, 200 ft. above the sea, the ruined palace of Sirul Khan. Though beaten by the rough waves of the monsoon and lashed by torrential rain for close on 500 years, the masonry is in a marvellous condition and remains practically untouched by the repairer's hand.

Beneath the battlements extends a long series of low arched and vaulted dungeons, storerooms, and guardrooms, pierced with small doorways open to the sea. In these are still preserved great hollow tree trunks, formerly used as oil containers—a quantity of oil still remains in them—and a number of ancient pots containing *ghi*, sulphur, and molasses well over a century old. There are also numerous muskets and mortars.

The Sidis from Abyssinia, who obtained the rule of the island at the end of the fourteenth century, supply the chief interest in its history, which falls roughly into three divisions: (1) The Sidis' occupation and early development of the place up to 1600. (2) The Sidis during the Mogul domination of India and later during the struggles against the Mahrattas, first Shivaji and afterwards the Peshwas, 1600–1760. (3) The modern period, from the assumption of Janjira's protection by the British, 1761, to the present day.

The fortress still harbours some 1,500 people, many members of the ruling family living there, though the present chief has his house on the cliffs above Murud on the mainland, and rarely visits Janjira itself. As the monument of a grim, battle-scarred past, the once mighty stronghold is perhaps unique on the coasts of India.

KANO, the MART of CENTRAL AFRICA

TUAREG TRANSPORT: The crucifix at the saddle-bow is believed by some to show a renegade Christian history. Tuaregs, who trade largely in Kano, are now devout Muslims

VEILED MEN OF THE SAHARA: Tuaregs are the only Arab tribe whose women go unveiled while the men conceal their faces. The camel is rapidly being replaced by the motor

THE ENTRANCE TO THE EMIR'S PALACE IN KANO is thronged with suppliants. Leather work is one of the great crafts practised in Kano—mainly by the Hausa-speaking people

THE SOKOTO GATE is one of the 13 entrances to the city. The slope of the walls is clearly visible in this picture—a device adopted to prevent crumbling in the rare but heavy rains

The native city of Kano has been for hundreds of years the market of West Central Africa, its nearest and only rival being Timbuktu. Until quite recent times trading caravans came from the North African coast, from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Fez, across the Sahara by well-known trade routes marked by oases.

The ground-nut season is Kano's busiest time, upwards of 100,000 tons of nuts being railed in a good season. Thousands of natives throng her markets. For thirty miles around, the numerous roads converging on Kano are one stream of traffic.

Another route, beginning or ending at Kano as the case may be, was and still is the " Pilgrim Way " which leads to Mecca. Many Hausa and Fulani pilgrims use this route, travelling the whole length of the Sudan to Khartum, thence via Suakin or Port Sudan to Mecca.

Trade in hides and skins goes on the whole year round, some European firms dealing in nothing else.

The walls of this great African city measure thirteen miles in circumference. They stand in places 30 ft. high and at the base are 70 ft. thick. They are of mud, built of *tubali*, cone-shaped dried bricks, filled in with plastic mud and smeared thickly over on the outside. Before the coming of the British the upkeep and renovation of these great walls were done by slave labour, supplied by the District Chiefs who owed feudal allegiance to the Emir; each district and village being responsible for the upkeep of a certain portion of the wall. The outside face of the wall is not sheer, but rises at a natural angle, otherwise it would crumble in the rains. Inside the wall a wide terrace runs round the whole length, a few feet below the top. Thirteen gates, some large, others mere posterns, give access to the city within.

INDIAN QUARTETTE

Four Aspects of the Bizarre Religious Life of Hind

THE DANCE OF DEATH: Grotesque figures from Tibet, in garb reminiscent of the fantastic skeleton costumes of the European ballet, in a musical pageant which was held in Calcutta. The masks have a Lamaistic significance. The Tibetan deities are often repulsive in aspect as in attributes and some of the Terpsichorean rites, being Shamanistic, are correctly termed Devil Dances

Ewing Galloway

A PAGODA IN LIVING ROCK: The smallest of the seven pagodas at Mahabalipuram, near Madras. This, as well as its leonine and elephantine guardian images, dates from the seventh century. Excavation work is not entirely completed as yet, but the area is a mine of archæological treasures

A MOTIONLESS CREATOR OF MOVEMENTS: One of the typical holy men of Benares who has whitewashed his body. These *fakirs*, who devote their lives to metaphysical contemplation, exert a powerful influence on the physical plane; they form one of the great impulses towards anti-British feeling, and any attempt to control them breeds a religious upheaval

Ewing Galloway

THE ROCOCO OF THE ORIENT: The barbaric wealth of ornamentation, characteristic of decadent Hindu art, is seen at its most typical in the *gopura*, or gate, of the Sri-Rangam temple of Trichinopoly. This is one of thirty gates leading to the temple. It is said Hindu religious carvings are as prolific as Hindu gods!

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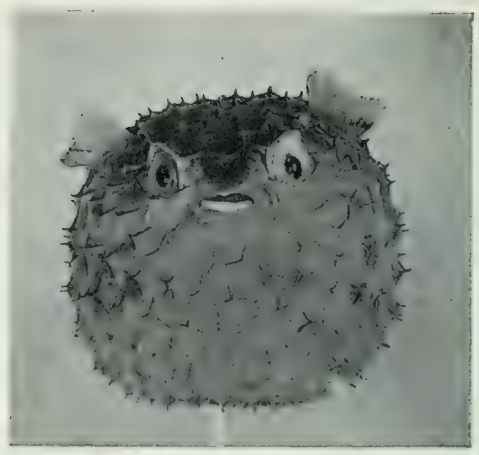
JAZZ MARINE COSTUME: The East African Dragon Fish in the Aquarium at the London Zoo

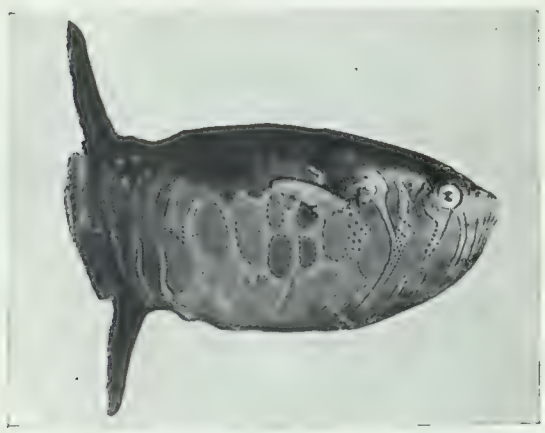
THE ANGLER FISH which "fishes" for its prey, attracting them by the filaments on its snout



"THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE" — FISH which puffs itself up and erects its spines when attacked

A MARINE DERBY WINNER: The Horse Fish, prevalent in South African waters, with crest erect

"A BUTTERFLY CAUGHT IN THE RAIN": A front view portrait of the Gurnard displaying its ungainly head

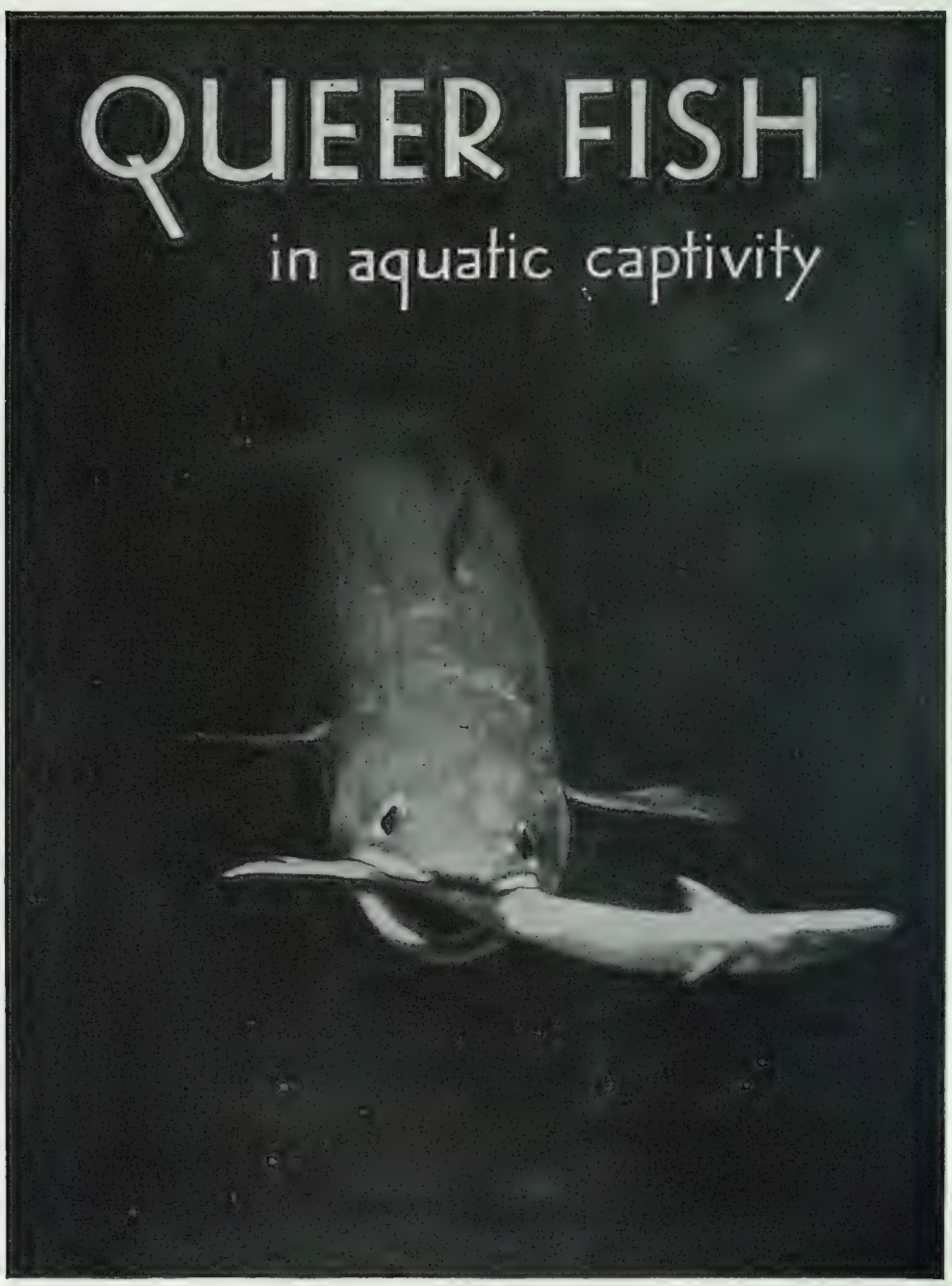


THE SMALLER SUNFISH: This is akin to the Globe fish, but cannot inflate. It basks on the surface of the water

A MARINE POUTER: The Bristly Blaasop which, when frightened, puffs out its belly as much as it can

QUEER FISH

in aquatic captivity



A JONAH OF THE DEEP! A large conger eel at the moment of engulfing a whiting whose slender form offers no obstacle to easy absorption. Congers are courageous, voracious, and extremely dangerous to bathers

BULLDOGS OF THE DEEP: Pike, whose "underslung" jaw gives them a resemblance to the canine emblem of Britain. These fish are as voracious in fresh water as congers in the sea

MARVELS of the UNSEEN WORLD

The finger-nail of the average adult is about ¼ in. square, and yet in the American Museum of Natural History in New York is a cubic ½ in. of swarming life on the bottom of a pond, magnified 100 diameters or, cubically, 1,000,000 times, filling a case 4 ft. square. But that is not all. Small sections of this 1,000,000-times enlargement are themselves enlarged enormously until creatures too small to be seen by the eye unaided can be examined in their extraordinary detail, increased to the size of a rat or a dog.

A minute invisible animal "gangster" is seen crouching to spring upon its prey, lightly balanced on its pointed toes with body contracted. Another extraordinary invisible creature is seen advancing along a microscopically small plant stem like an "inch worm," alternately arching and extending its body. This almost inconceivably small animal preys upon other creatures still smaller. Plant stems too small to be seen are brought to light under the microscope and on them are revealed other microscopical water plants with armed spines which enable them to cling to the stems of the first-named plants.

It required seven years of patient work to produce the cubic ½ in. of the bottom of that pond at Mount Desert Island, Maine, in its perfected enlargement as now established in the museum. It is a most striking, life-like, and remarkable exhibit, unmatched by anything in any museum in the world. Except for the movement of the living creatures seen in actual life under the microscope, the visitor can observe just what these remarkable inhabitants of the world in miniature are like.

The larger number of specimens of animal life belong to the class known as rotifers, or "wheel animalcules." This group of creatures is certainly among the most remarkable in the world. No rotifer is much larger than an ordinary pin-head, some are as small as the point of a pin. And yet these tiny animals have brains, eyes, nerves, sense organs, a complicated digestive system, a remarkable capacity for movement and self-direction.

For their size they undoubtedly are the most complex of all living creatures. It is probable that they are also the most intelligent. In the perfection with which Nature has adjusted these tiny animals to rule and utilize their miniature world of fresh waters, they are excelled, it is probable, by no creatures in the world, not even by man.

Seen imperfectly under the original microscopes, the tiny rotifers seemed to possess some definite, wheel-like mechanism. Scientists now know that this was a mistake. There is a rapidly revolving device of some kind at one end of the body of the average rotifer. It consists of a fringe of tiny hair-like projections which the creature can set in motion and by which it obtains its food. They set up a kind of miniature whirlpool close to the animal, and by this means living creatures still tinier than the rotifers are swept within range of the rotifer's mouth.

Several varieties of the rotifers build themselves funnel-shaped houses in which to live. Sometimes these funnels are attached to plant stems. Other varieties of the creatures have the habit of clustering together, tail to tail, so that their funnel-shaped or tunnel-shaped houses form sometimes very beautiful assemblages like candelabra, pointing in every direction.

THE ONLY WHEEL IN NATURE is to be found in the Rotifer group of microscopic plant life seen above

INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE: A detail of the Rotifer group in the American Museum of Natural History.

"AND SO *AD INFINITUM*": The plant stem is itself invisible to the naked eye and the tiny animalculæ are, of course, even more infinitesimal. The stem is infested with innumerable water-plants with armed spines. The microscopic animalculæ feed on organisms even smaller than themselves

THE ENCHANTED FOREST IN HALF A CUBIC INCH OF POND WATER: The remarkable pictures on this page have been magnified by 100 diameters—i.e. by 1,000,000 cubically. Not even the largest of the objects so clearly seen here is visible to the naked eye. This picture shows a Rotifer group. Rotifers present the only example of a wheel constructed by Nature

A RADIOLARIAN which sheathes itself in crystal armour—but this is an exquisitely blown model, 1,000,000 times its size

A PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR: This is another of the glass models of infinitesimal insects in the American Museum of Natural History in New York

AN EIGHT-LUNG POWER ENGINE! Four small denizens of the Babies' Bungalow, Barkingside. Those under the care of Dr. Barnardo's Homes range in years from this age to the comparative maturity of the middle teens

"The BIGGEST FAMILY *in the* WORLD"

Dr. Barnardo's Homes Provide at Once the Most Hideous Indictment of Cruelty to Children and the Most Stimulating Record of Nation-Building and Man-Building the World has Known

By CHARLES GRAVES

How many people, I wonder, have any actual idea of what Dr. Barnardo's Homes are like, how many there are, and how they are conducted? From my earliest days I can recall faded lantern slides showing small children in the East End, and sometimes photographs of the same child, (a) on admission, and (b) on departure; and what a difference there was! But beyond that I knew little until one morning when I visited the head office in Stepney Causeway and then went to the girls' village home at Barkingside and the boys' garden city at Woodford Bridge. In addition to these two places there are the technical school at Goldings in Hertfordshire for older boys, and the Watts naval training school in Norfolk, and the Russell-Cotes nautical school in Dorset, as well as receiving houses, hospitals, convalescent homes, and ever-open doors all over the country.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes spend £500,000 a year, and it may interest Lord Beaverbrook to know that by computation at least 1½ per cent. of Canadians are Barnardo boys and girls or their children. Moreover, there are any number of other emigrants to Australia and South Africa. During the War three Barnardo boys reached the rank of general. The Hon. John Page, chief Whip in the Australian Federal Parliament, was a Barnardo boy whom Dr. Barnardo himself intercepted while trying to rob a drunk Frenchman of his money-box in Cable Street, E. A member of one of my golf clubs is a Barnardo boy, and is worth several thousands. The actual manufacturer of all the furniture of one of the largest furniture stores in the country is a Barnardo boy.

The first Barnardo Home was started in 1866, and yet the widow of the famous doctor is still alive. Dr. Barnardo at the age of two was certified to be dead by two doctors. But he had the blood of seven different nationalities in his veins, and the sturdiness which went with this cosmopolitan extraction enabled him to live until just twenty-five years ago. A few days ago the 112,000th child was admitted through one of his fourteen Ever Open Doors.

HAPPY FAMILY: The little girl in the foreground is Mary, who was thrown into a canal like an unwanted kitten; the child with her back to the window is Joan, who received a criminal beating daily, and on her arrival in the home was, not unnaturally, an atheist. To-day, religion is as real to her as bread. The children are seen with their "Mother," Miss Simcox

THE BABIES' TEA-PARTY: A typical scene at the Babies' Tea-party at Barkingside. There are no fewer than fourteen "ever open doors" throughout the country to which no destitute child is ever refused admission. The kiddies' lung-power testifies to their health under the Barnardo régime

But come with me to Barkingside. This is a village community of 1,700 girls living in sixty-four separate "cottages." You enter through tall green gates and, after meeting the two governors—Miss Picton-Turbervill and Miss Macnaghton, the sister of the judge—you look around. There is a large green expanse of turf and trees, and bordering it are the cottages. These are twin-gabled, ivy-clad villas containing anything from sixteen to twenty-five children, with the exception of Meadow Cottage, where there are thirty-eight.

Come and be introduced to Miss Edith Simcox, their "mother." Miss Simcox is aged twenty-eight, and is small and pretty and efficient. She has two plaits of brown hair rolled circular fashion over her ears. She knows the Christian names of all her children, who range from two to eighteen, including the four small boys who are each three years old. "We call them all by their first names," she will tell you. "But when a child comes with the same name as one we already have, we call her by her second Christian name. No, I never forget them. But I can't tell you how many questions I have to answer every day. To-day, for example, I was asked where Jesus put His dirty water when He had washed up, and also whether God had a clothes line, and I had to give a satisfactory answer in each case."

Many of the children have had absolutely no religious training until they come to Dr. Barnardo's. One or two have had no education whatever. That is not surprising when you realize what parents they have been rescued from. A small, fair-haired girl, called Mary, had been thrown with her elder sister into a canal by her mother, to drown like a couple of unwanted kittens. Somebody rescued them, and they found their way to Barkingside. Mary not only believes in fairies. She sees them every day.

No, she is not mentally deficient. She just has a very vivid imagination. Sometimes, when she is not so hungry as usual, she sees fairies on the bottom of her plate who tell her that she need not eat any more. Mary told me that she'd seen quite a few this morning.

Another child at Meadow Cottage is Joan. Joan was starved and thrashed until she was within inches of death before she was rescued. No wonder she was completely atheistic when she came to Meadow Cottage. Now she believes in religion, but she does not follow the usual procedure when she is saying her prayers. Instead of kneeling down and closing her eyes she stands up with arms akimbo and with eyes wide open. Here is what she said last night in her abrupt, husky voice: "'Ere, Jesus, did you really make that man's leg better as Mummy (the foster mother) told us? If you did, you are not 'arf clever. 'Ere, there's a little boy called John who lives down our street. 'E's got a bad leg and 'e'd like yer to call and make it better. 'Is mother keeps the key in the wash-house, so you can easily get in." This morning she prayed thus: "'Ere, Jesus, did yer see me break my doll? I don't believe you did. 'Ere, I'll tell yer. I sat on it. But don't tell mummy."

THE "PARENTS" OF 700 CHILDREN: Captain and Mrs. Lewin, some of whose charges have been trained by modern Fagins to pick pockets—and have tried to pass on their knowledge to their foster-parents

Joan on one occasion was going to Hove because she had been ill. "Mummy," she asked Miss Simcox, "will Jesus be at Hove?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Jesus is everywhere, you know." Joan seemed rather puzzled, but said no more. Then she said her prayers that night. "Jesus," she inquired, "are you going to Hove to-morrow, because I am, too, at half-past nine? Did the doctor say you could go? And please I'm going to ask you lots of things while you are at Hove. Only mummy and me knows you are going."

Joan is small and high-spirited. She has bobbed hair and brown eyes and a green frock. Miss Simcox is devoted to her, but will not admit that she is more interesting than the others. There they live in this charming "cottage" with all the atmosphere and comfort of a real home life, except that they do not have parents who hit them at the slightest provocation or starve them systematically. They are completely happy and this week are getting wild with excitement at the prospect of Christmas, like the 1,700 other girls at Barkingside.

Each cottage is decorated for the occasion with entirely different effects, designed jointly by the mothers and their children. Some have orange balloons, some are decorated with paper wistaria or rambler roses or fuchsias or something. Great pride is shown in it, and each child takes a personal hand. An hour after they have all gone to sleep on Christmas Eve the mother goes into each of the dormitories and fills the Christmas stockings. So far none has been found out, the children sleep so peacefully. Then next day a real Father Christmas arrives at each cottage and delivers another sack of presents. Here are three letters that have already been posted to Father Christmas at Meadow Cottage,

"Dear Daddy Xmas. Do you live right up in the sky by Jesus? Please will you bring me some paints and a doll's pram. If you can't bring me two things, bring me a doll's pram, won't you?—Love. J. Graffham."

Here is another—

"Dear Father Christmas,—Please come early to us this year because we waited a long time for you last year. If you have any doll's sewing machines please will you bring me one, and please put some needles in. I wanted to write this all in green but my pencil is broken. We all send you lots of kisses. Please come early, won't you, to Meadow Cottage.—Love. P. Curnow."

The third reads—

"Dear Father Christmas,—Have you got as much money this year as you had last, because mummy says

she does not think you have, because of a lot of things that have happened, but if you have enough will you bring our boys a farmyard. Eric and Douglas and I want a fairy cycle. But if you can't afford it send me a tea service. Could you come to our party after Xmas? We are going to give a lovely concert. If you can come, put a letter in my stocking, will you, mother won't mind. She lets us ask people. I hope you are well. Meadow Cottage is a big cottage. You can't miss it.—Love. M. Whatling."

These letters are a very good illustration of the kind of life that is led and the cheerful spirits of the children. I had been prepared to see large barrack-like buildings, each containing 300 or 400 children. Instead of that, you see these charming little houses. When they are not at work, which is conducted in the ordinary L.C.C. way and according to the ordinary L.C.C. time tables, the children are able to play games and run about.

There is also a library, and that is perhaps the best possible proof of the happy life the children lead. The books that are most in demand are always the sad ones. The librarian said that girl after girl will come up and ask for *Misunderstood* or *Alone in London*. "I want a sad book, something to make me cry," they will say in their wish for a private grief which they cannot conjure up from their own adventures and experiences. For, luckily, children's memories are very short, and in no time at all they forget the ghastly sufferings to which they were subjected before they came to Barkingside.

One girl, for example, was thrown on a fire by her stepfather. Others were victims, like Mary, of attempts to drown them. Others were deliberately underfed at home in the hope that they would die. I never knew what incredible parents there are in the poorer parts of Great Britain until to-day. There is this after-effect, of course, that many of them are extremely delicate, and are mentally rather slow for the first two or three years.

Most of them are trained as domestic servants after the age of fourteen. After a certain amount of schooling they are then made housemaids in one of the sixty-four cottages. Then they may be taken into further service at the house where the Governors live. Then, later, at the age of sixteen or eighteen they have situations found for them in the great world outside. The Governors, though, are conscious of the fact that there are several girls—at least 5 per cent.—whose intelligence deserves greater chances. For them a High School has been recently established. About sixty girls here are taught, in addition to housecraft, such subjects as botany, science, French, history, and maths. One or two have won scholarships and are going to have a secondary education, financed for them by Dr. Barnardo's.

The school hours are from 9.30 to 12.30, and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Out of hours the children have all the high spirits and the occasional ebullience which good food and good discipline must invariably create in a child worth its salt. A whole week's supply of carrots given to a neighbouring donkey; a ginger cat dropped into a tub of dough; a "garden" of coke, planted with two or three blades of grass, in a washtub; a sooty-faced girl who got stuck in the chimney while looking for Father Christmas—these are naturally incidental to the astonishingly faithful reproduction of home life that you get at Barkingside,

The children are nicely and neatly dressed. There are no uniforms except those of the Girl Guides and Brownies, of whom several hundreds are enrolled and love to wear their regalia when possible.

Everybody knows that the best education in the world is that of a large family (I came of a family of ten, so I should know), and this is just what you get at Barkingside.

Of course, many infants and small children are handed over to official foster-parents. This is a kinder and more desirable word than baby-farmers. These foster-parents will have, say, two or three children. Their homes are not isolated units far apart from one another. The procedure is to choose some suitable small village and pick out half-a-dozen or so really sympathetic and kindly souls who are willing to receive boys and girls into their own homes. The whole of the community is put in touch with a local correspondent in a responsible position, who supervises it carefully. Foster-mothers are given 11s. a week for an infant until it is a year old. The rate then drops to 9s. until it is twelve, and then goes up to 10s. thereafter. The clothing allowance is £1 a quarter.

There are 1,700 foster-mothers and every year there are hundreds of applications from members of the public to swell their numbers. Only healthy children who are not likely to need any special medical attention are sent to the foster-parents, who, however, take the kindliest interest in the children, and in most cases are said to become deeply attached to them. They find it a real wrench to part with them when they are old enough to go out into the world, and generally follow their careers with real personal interest.

Here is a typical report from one of the correspondents to bear me out.

"15.9.31. Church and Sunday School—Raymond looks very well and happy. Very irregular teeth, had one extraction at school and one at Stowmarket, private dentist. Health good. Is making satisfactory progress at school. Behaviour good; clothing satisfactory. Appeared happy and well cared for. Foster-father has a small holding. Home satisfactory. Foster-father spoke to me about transferring his property to Raymond now, as foster-father is getting old, in case anything happened to him. Foster-father would like to get into communication with the Homes about the matter. If Raymond is not likely to be claimed, foster-father wishes to transfer everything to him, with the proviso that foster-parents may live in the house as long as they live. Foster-parents are devoted to Raymond and he seems very happy there.

"NOTE.—Foster-father has been advised to make a will in the boy's favour, but the matter has not yet been settled."

It was not so long ago that the boys at Dr. Barnardo's were organized on a semi-military basis. Most of us can remember the pill-box cap and the red and blue uniforms. But these have been done away with in favour of a training modelled more on preparatory school lines than on the army. At Woodford Bridge there are seven hundred boys divided up into twenty "cottages." There are two "leaders" in each cottage and correspond to monitors or prefects at a public school. Ten years ago there used to be a system of N.C.O.'s—with corporal, colour sergeants, and sergeant majors.

At Woodford Bridge I was taken by Captain Lewin, a former naval captain, to see the boys at luncheon. It would be hard to picture cleaner and pinker-cheeked small boys. At first glance they all look immensely healthy, and indeed they are. But Captain Lewin says that barely five per cent. are genuinely A.1. That is because they underwent such privations before they were rescued from their homes. It would make your blood boil to hear some of the cold-blooded tortures inflicted on these children by their parents. Still, they all grow healthier and healthier every day.

Many of them are young rascals at first. Several had been deliberately taught to pick pockets. Others had indulged in the old slum-child game of seeing who can steal the largest and most individual collection of objects from a row of barrows on market day. And yet, though there has to be an occasional and salutary beating, the discipline is excellent. When Captain Lewin stood on the steps of the long hall there was immediate silence before he opened his mouth or raised his hand.

These boys vary in age from four to fourteen. They go to school either in the grounds or to the regular L.C.C. school outside. Every school has its school log howlers. Here are some that have recently been perpetrated at Woodford:—

A substance can be used as a filter when dirty water has been tipped into it.

An electric bell is a button under a mat.

In a year's time I hope to be situated at Clerkenwell, where most of my parents are.

When Queen Elizabeth was in need of soldiers I would like to have been Nelson's assistant.

Sixpence a week pocket money is allocated to each "cottage" of thirty-five boys, and is divided up by the leaders. They lunch together at 12.30 p.m., and so efficient is the organization that each course is served within seven minutes. Various "gangs" are formed among the boys which have to be broken up. But on the whole they are extremely amenable to discipline. The boys in the bakery are paid 2s. 6d. a week pocket money, and seem to thrive remarkably in the yeast-laden atmosphere.

At the age of fourteen a number of them go on to Goldings, the technical school, where they learn anything from electric engineering to tin-smithing. Others for whom berths have been found are sent up to the head office for interview. The official who sees them in London tells me that few of them want to stick to their first choice, but 99 per cent. are happy in their second selection of a job in life. To revert to Goldings, you can see printing presses there, and a carpenter's shop, and a power-house, and soldering irons, and a wheelwright's shop, a blacksmith's shop, and a bootmaker's shop, not to mention a gymnasium and an open-air swimming pool.

Ten years ago Goldings was non-existent and the boys used to live in four large dormitories known as Cairn, Aberdeen, Pelham, and Kinnaird, at Stepney Causeway. As many as eleven cricket matches would be played simultaneously in the backyard. If you hit the ball into the foundry it counted 4 and out. If you hit it on to the railway line it was 6 and out. The ideal thing was to hit it on to one of the fire-escape landings. The fieldsman had to mount eight flights of stairs to reach it, by which time you had already run 7 runs.

(*Continued on p.* 504)

THE BAKERY is one of several shops in which Barnardo boys are taught a trade. The yeast-laden atmosphere has an extremely exhilarating effect on those employed therein—as has the half-a-crown a week which the "bakers" are given as pocket-money

BARELY FIVE PER CENT. A1: Owing to the privations the children have undergone in their pre-Barnardo days, Captain Lewin, in charge of the 700 boys at the Garden City at Woodford Bridge, estimates that scarcely one-twentieth of the children are sound in wind and limb

THE SHRINE OF VOLUNTARY GRIEF: The library of the Girls' Home, Barkingside, where sad books are always in demand. Such volumes as *Alone in London* are in great demand—the children being so happy that their grief must be artificially stimulated

ADVANCED EDUCATION: A high school has recently been started among the Barnardo children. Over sixty girls have been rated sufficiently advanced to coach for a secondary school education with a chance for a 'Varsity later. The curriculum extends from French to Botany

. . . GREENLAND IS NOT A PLATEAU

The Wegener Expedition has Disproved the Long-held Hypothesis that the Great Northern Island was Composed of Uplands and has Established the Fact that it is Literally a Cup, whose Rim is Formed of Mountains, Filled with Ice

TRIGONOMETRIC CALCULATIONS: The Wegener Expedition was the first to supplement barometric altitude of the interior of the island with the more accurate trigonometric figures. So inaccurate were the early figures that an aeronaut nearly hit the mountain owing to its having been marked too low on the map. The dogs are seen to be exhausted

THE SLEDGE THAT FAILED dug out of its snow bed

THE ICE-MOUNTAIN OF THE CENTRAL ICE: Here it was dis cap is merely the surface of the "cupful" of ice which ext downwards. Its weight has compressed the lan

BALLOON EXPERIMENT by which it was discovered that the height of the layers of cold air—the "Greenland Depression"—fluctuates and extends not to 10,000 ft. but to 42,000 ft.—into the stratosphere

How is the Greenland depression really formed? How thick is the layer of ice which covers the island? Are there mountains and valleys lying beneath the masses of snow and ice, or do the latter cover a gigantic plateau? Is it possible to observe a rise or fall in Greenland, as is the case in Scandinavia? It has, in fact, been found that, relieved of the masses of ice from the Ice Age, the land in Scandinavia is gradually rising. Is the inland ice, as the great covering of ice is called, of Greenland decreasing or increasing? These are a few of the important questions which, hitherto, had not been solved. In order to solve them, Professor Alfred Wegener had already undertaken three expeditions to Greenland when, with the aid of the Emergency Association of German Scientists, he formed the great German expedition to Greenland of 1930–31, which in all was made up of seventeen scientists. At that time Professor Wegener drew up an accurate programme of the work of the expedition, and the importance which he attached to this programme being carried out was proved by his death.

The greatest sensation was caused last summer by the report of the expedition that it had succeeded, at the "Eismitte" station, wh height of 3,000 metres in the in in measuring a thickness of i The fortunate member who su this measurement was Dr. S greatest depth of ice ever mea and this measurement also cre scientific circles. Greenland plateau, but a trough, filled the rim of which is formed by s is by no means out of the que sub-soil of the interior of Green the level of the sea.

Moreover, as shown by subse of the ice thickness, the rocky not quite flat, but is traverse valleys; one gains the impre report, that the mountains ha by the tremendous masses of i been proved that this is the c which, however, has compl previous general conception continents and large islands. there was a tendency to assume was solid and immovable.

A SLEDGE DRAWN BY HORSES: A scene at the foot of the Kamarujuk Glacier in summer. A "propeller-sledge" was drawn by horses over the glacier on the inland ice. The famous ice-cap has now been proved to be not a plateau, but a deep valley filled with ice to a height of nearly 10,000 ft. The land itself may be below sea-level

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THE HARDSHIP OF TRANSPORT: The moving of provisions and scientific apparatus, especially in the Spring, produced endless difficulties, an example of which is vividly shown above. The method of transport was, of course, by dog-sledge, and forced marches were required to feed the auxiliary expedition

Chauffeurs Learn Ju-jitsu: *In view of the fact that many murders have of late been inflicted upon drivers of motor cars in Berlin, classes in* judo, *the famous Japanese form of self-defence, which makes a weak man the equal of a strong one, have been organized. A demonstration is here seen taking place in a large Berlin garage*

Alsace in Electric Light: *Paris has determined to out-do even New York in the elaboration of its sky-signs this Christmas. Many of the great stores have erected complex signs, one of the most effective of which is a scene in Alsace with cygnets and Santa Claus*

The Parade of the Repatriates: *More than 30,000 folk, deported from Belgium by the Germans during the War, have just paraded through Brussels to draw the attention of public opinion to the way they have been treated, as the Government has failed in its promises to them*

The Attraction of Gurgl: *The gondola of Professor Piccard's stratospheric balloon forms one of the great local attractions of the Tyrolean village of Gurgl, where it remains on the glacier after the descent last May. It is hoped that M. Piccard will not, as rumoured, request its removal to the Brussels Museum as it forms a great local attraction*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on The ... at

U.S.E.—Now is surely an opportune moment for M. Briand to tell us some more about his pet plan for a "United States of Europe," or for Count Koudenhove-Kalergi to devise an irresistible method of getting the nations together.

Twenty-seven European nations, complaining and scheming in more than twenty languages, calculating their resources in twenty-six different currencies (Luxembourg uses Belgian money), are figuring out as many different ways of keeping even with, or checkmating the remaining twenty-six with twenty-seven different immigration, tariff, and customs regulations.

Not since the War has the European atmosphere been so electric, so charged as it is to-day. Watching the countries already off the gold standard are others trembling before the fall. Not since the War has Europe been so war-conscious or so panicky. Never in the history of the world have there been such colossal financial failures, or such staggering unemployment figures. Never before has there been so much economic envy, rivalry, mutual distrust and hate, sinister and inglorious. Armament rivalry, competition for military and naval prestige ring out like the challenge of sword upon shield, and as mockingly.

M. Briand, delighted with Count Koudenhove-Kalergi's idea of Pan-Europa, adopted and developed it into a Briand Memorandum, with which last year he genially circularized the Governments of Europe, inviting them to co-operate in a friendly movement for a "United States of Europe." The other United States, that of America, began to view with quickening alarm what they took to be the resurrection of the old spectre of a U.S.E., united in political and economic interests, looming on the horizon, girding itself to withstand and compete with America, with the growing power and "capitalistic imperialism" of the New World.

But the spectre proved to be a ghost indeed, capering in a world of shadows.

To-day in Europe we are further away from economic and political unity than we were three months ago. The nations have given up all idea of a Pan-Europe fraternal expansiveness for surly mistrust of one another. National portals before which we were told to expect "Welcome" on the mat, are being lumbered up with trade hurdles ready for instant barricade. At this writing, France is trying to arrange an economic union with Belgium, and threatening tariff reprisals against Britain. Italy is training her youth in the most intensive school of nationalism.

"Agreement with France is madness; with France we can only have war," Hitlerite Herr Gregor Strasser is alleged by the Stuttgart correspondent of *Vorwaerts* to have declared, adding: "When France's power begins to waver, we will organize the German national strength to accelerate the development of a fight against France." Scarcely fertile ground for the tender olive-shoot of Pan-Europa.

Herr Adolf Hitler himself, would-be Mussolini of Germany, declarest hat when he attains power he will repudiate Reparations. The belief is growing that power is within his grasp. And should Germany officially repudiate Reparations a new situation will be created, not only in Germany but in all Europe, which, without masterly adjustment, could plunge all involved to rock-bottom. Even at the best, the new basis would demand the almost unattainable inspired international co-operation of statesmen and peoples.

The world has been talking peace, international brotherhood and co-operation ever since the Armistice left us hopelessly war-conscious. The failure to date of M. Briand and the Count to get the lions to sit down with the lambs should be a challenge to all those peace propagandists and disarmament disciples who have been offering remedies for the world's ills these last twelve years to step out now with something really electrifying.

THE COLOURED INVASION.

—Australia, boasted stronghold of the white races, must strengthen her small garrison if she intends to hold out against her persistent brown and yellow besiegers. Six-and-a-half million inhabitants as there are now, or even double that number as there may be in some years' time, is obviously inadequate occupation for 2,974,581 square miles of territory, vulnerable in 12,210 miles of coast-line. More than one-fifth of the whole area of the British Empire, peopled by a settlement numerically inferior to that of London. Small wonder that adventurous pioneers from overcrowded Pacific countries slip in, and dig themselves in, over some of the deserted acres of Australia's vastness.

The Press recently gave wide publicity to the "frustration of a deep-laid plan to enable certain Japanese to become permanent residents in Australia." Officially, Japanese are only allowed in Australia to engage in pearling, must return to Japan at the end of their service, and in any case cannot remain longer than three years without special permits, annually renewable. Unofficially, it is realized that in certain areas of Northern Australia, colonists from Japan and Malaya are gathering and increasing. No record of their numbers is available I was told, and their unwelcome existence is ignored as far as possible. Still, to offset this peaceful invasion and to stake the white man's claim at all strategical points, a movement is under way to open up and exploit the Kimberley Division in the extreme north-west of the continent. Of the whole area, covering about 30,000,000 acres, 20,000,000 could conveniently be worked by two thousand settlers, according to Mr. W. H. Willson, Secretary of the Empire Development Association. The presence of gold and oil has been reported. Certain regions are suitable for cotton and tobacco cultivation, others for sheep and cattle raising. Along the coast the valuable Dugong abounds, producing oil and leather.

Australia's ambition to remain "white" must eventually, in large measure, depend upon her willingness to accept emigrants from Southern Europe. Large sections in the North are climatically unsuitable for British, German, and Scandinavian settlers, in the sense of permanent colonization and raising of families. The Northern European can stand the climate as an overseer, but not as cotton-picker, sugar-cutter, or labourer in the fields. Of the 75,000 aborigines and half castes remaining, mostly in the Northern districts, the Bushman can be trained for cattle-herding, but it would be an almost hopeless task to attempt his development for more skilled occupation, Mr. Willson remarked.

The Empress of Ethiopia: *Silassie I who, before his coronation, since adopted the new style at the the coronation, in connection with Ababa. The Empress is seen in umbrella with its*

WORLD

Large

That is where the Italian came in and flourished, until his presence in increasing numbers formed the subject of a protest to the Federal Government last year. "Thrifty and industrious, law-abiding and honest in their business transactions" is the characterization of the Italian, against which their clannishness, resistance against assimilation, and national-consciousness were alleged as a menace to the homogeneity of the Australian population. In forty-four years their number had increased from some 2,000 to more than 25,000. Radical differences and clashes have had something to do with the matter, but the main impetus to the protest has been misgiving at the Italian's simpler and more economical standard of living, in which the Australian read a danger to his own standards and wages. But to-day those enviable standards and wages are no more secure in Australia than comfortable or even passable economic conditions in Europe. The walls of Australia's isolation are being battered down.

Coloured pioneers from Japan, China, and Malaya are stirring in their legions towards new fields for peaceful penetration. Australia cannot for much longer remain the "Empty Continent" in an overcrowded world.

"SUICIDE CROSSING."—Fifteen years' interest on 3s. has rescued 2,806 women from suicide and afforded shelter to 17,000 more. This mite from a seventy-three-year-old farmer nearly 6,000 miles away increased in that period from thirty-six pence to more than £20,000 by the miracle of devotion in the heart of Nobu Jo, heroine of "Suicide Crossing."

Mrs. Nobu Jo, as head of an Old Women's Home in Kobe, received in 1915 an international money order for 3s. from an aged farmer in America, who wrote: "I have not much to give, please use it for me in the very best way you know."

For some reason or other Mrs. Jo was deeply moved by this humble contribution from such an unexpected source. Handing over her work to another, she climbed Mount Maya, there to spend three days in prayer and meditation. Inspiration was not long denied her. "Omae, do you not see the desperate women around you, and the deserted children? Do you not know how they fling themselves into the sea, and pillow their heads on the cold steel of the railway tracks? What are you going to do about it?"

Without hesitation, in spite of the fact that she had a son of her own to bring up and educate, Mrs. Jo left her work and post at the Home, took the £1 12s. that was her last month's salary, and rented a room as a refuge for women and girls. With police permission, she hung up posters where the unfortunate would see them. In a very short time the place was overcrowded, and Nobu Jo was obliged to beg and canvass indefatigably for support. Money came in very slowly in tiny amounts. All the same, when a rich man in Kobe offered her a gift of £2,000 on condition that the work should not be carried on in the name of Christ, she refused, and continued collecting pennies and shillings for what she considered to be a Christian cause.

In fifteen years the institution, which has grown from that first tiny room, has rescued 2,800 women from suicide and sheltered 17,000 others, together with their babies and children in many cases. Of the £3,000 a year which it now costs to maintain and run, the Government and regular subscriptions provide one-third.

The present home and shelter is still simple to primitiveness. There is no luxury and barely comfort, but it is a safe refuge for women and girls driven to suicide, which is a very general and prevalent alternative in Japan. Many who flee to Mrs. Jo are escaping the consequences of having been sold by their parents; others have been abandoned or cast out. Most find their own way to the refuge, but the police direct or bring others.

Mrs. Nobu Jo is known as the heroine of "Suicide Crossing," because she has placarded so many favourite suicide take-offs with messages in everyday phraseology, suggesting that the prospective suicide should "Wait a Bit" and talk it all over with her first.

The organization now includes accommodation for working girls, for friendless mothers, kindergartens, workrooms, an employment agency, a Home for Fallen Girls, as well as emergency accommodation for the cases which come in every day.

Mrs. Jo, who during the whole of her fifty-eight years has been associated with Christian work, claims that the foundation and growth of her home from a beginning of three shillings is hardly less of a miracle than the New Testament Feeding of the Five Thousand.

ORNITHOLOGICAL ACES.—Bert Hinkler and Charles Lindbergh are the only two men who have flown the Atlantic solo. Their stories of the achievement, though modestly and reservedly told, leave us in no doubt as to the perils of the undertaking, their own courage and endurance, or the wonder of man-made machinery. At the same time we have to acknowledge that Man has not yet conquered the air and space for his exploitation. The birds still hold the sovereignty of the air, even in the matter of Atlantic flights. In the last twenty years seven birds are definitely known to have made solo flights across the Atlantic. It is easy to imagine how many more unrecorded Atlantic bird flights have been made throughout the centuries.

The longest successful flight recorded in bird history was made by an Arctic tern, banded on July 22, 1927, on the Red Islands, Turnevik Bay, in Labrador, and found alive near La Rochelle, France, some nine weeks later.

The Lindbergh of the bird world is a tern, whose flight in 1913 from the United States to the mouth of the River Niger, West Africa, was the first recorded Atlantic crossing of an American bird.

THE "MYSTERY" NEMESIS.—"If you lay a sausage beside a nugget of gold, the Central European will take the sausage first. He may of course be right. The nugget will keep and the sausage may not." That serious political weekly, *The Central European Observer*, indulges in seasonable frivolity. "Life in Central Europe seems to the outsider to be one prolonged battle with sausages, with the sausage usually as the vanquished. Now and then, however, as the proverb has it, the worm will turn, as example a recent case in Berlin.

"There a thief invaded a butcher's shop and, after acquiring several metres of sausage, jumped from the window to the street. The sausage, not approving of roguery, wrapped itself round the thief's neck, and he was found well and truly hanged. For once in a way it was a sausage that lived to tell the tale."

Woizero Menen, the consort of Haile was known as Ras Tafari, but has ceremonies held on the anniversary of the opening of Parliament at Addis her regalia beneath the gorgeous State fringe of bullion

A Pyjama Contest in Rio de Janeiro: *This form of beach-wear has proved so popular that a contest has just been held in Rio, organized by the Mayor and the newspaper* A Noite. *It took place on Copa Cabana Beach and attracted a large number of sightseers. Competitors in every conceivable variety of beach pyjamas are seen above*

Winter Respite on the Zuider Zee: *Work on the dams at Den Oever has been discontinued during the winter, with the result that 100 labourers have been dismissed. In the early spring—so soon as climatic conditions render it possible—the enterprise will be resumed*

Reds Riot in Detroit: *A serious outbreak of Communism took place in Detriot a few days ago, when a riot caused nine casualties and nine gaol sentences. Reds—one woman of whom is seen above under arrest—demonstrated in the business area in defiance of police orders*

Alleviating Hard Times in Japan: *Baroness Tokuko Wakatsuki, wife of the Prime Minister, aids in raising funds organized to provide food for the poor children who are facing starvation owing to the world-wide industrial depression, locally aggravated by the Manchurian situation, now showing signs of improvement*

The GREECE of the ORIENT

Burma presents to the world the unique spectacle of a land which has received the minimum of the amenities of western civilization, and yet has inherent in it all the appreciation, the delicacy of feeling, and the charm that is usually associated with centuries of culture. A country dressed in silk, whose inhabitants from the highest to the lowest are urbane in manner; which, in violent contra-distinction to her larger neighbour, has retained her high Buddhism untainted with the sensuality of the Brahmin faith; which has not defiled democracy with the hideous hereditary doom of caste—such is Burma, which, at long last, is now receiving respectful and respectable consideration, in a Round Table Conference, from Britain, which has engulfed her within the mighty British Empire.

Traces of the ancient cruelty, relics of the primitive still linger in Burma, however; only within the last few years has the last remaining bend sinister of slavery been extirpated, and even now the race occasionally breaks out into an orgy of brutal savagery—in much the same way that a crowd of normally pleasant children suddenly becomes infected with a blood-lust and tortures a fellow or an animal. For the Burmese are, in large measure, children: that is the clue at once to their exquisite manners, their easy gaiety, their delightful merriment, their occasional lapses into barbarism, and their longing for independence from the "Ugly Sister" that dominates them across the border.

They long, too, for a prince of their own. They have a high tradition of sovereignty and, while they are happy under the ægis of the British Raj, as children are happy under the protection of a well-loved parent, they yearn for the panoply of royalty which they have not known since Theebaw in 1885. With the straight thinking of childhood, which usually knows how many beans make five, the Burmese also resent the diversion of their wealth to the uses of impoverished India—the Cinderella touch again, with this difference, that the Cinderella in this story has a dowry of her own.

There is another facet of the antipathy between Burma and India which merits consideration. Burma considers itself white; Burma considers itself superior to India socially and religiously—with a good deal of reason. Burma resents very keenly the influx of Hindu coolies which has poured across the border and undercut in wages the Burmese themselves. A gracious, lazy people, they resent the industrious Hindu with his lower standard of life—blacklegs in a metaphorical, as well as a literal sense. Their soil is so fertile, their land is so rich, that it is a paradise for the invader—but the invader is hated.

It is a strange thing that the great Alexandrine waves swept over India, and left upon the land but little lasting trace of the sweet Hellenic—the graceful Hellenistic culture, while the country the great Commander, in his search for fresh worlds to conquer, never discovered, presents the finest example of the Greek spirit extant in the world to-day. Like Greece, it has its cruelties, its slavery, its intense, if narrow, nationalism; like Greece, it has a reasonableness, a spontaneity, a gaiety of soul that recalls the days of Pericles. Like Greece, it has—though upon a much more heroic scale—advantages natural and man-created which make it at once a country thrilling to visit and wonderful to see.

The Irrawaddy presents a superb delta, a width of ten miles in the plains, and, in its main stream and its tributaries, dramatic gorges in the upper reaches. The coast is fringed with an archipelago of a thousand islands rivalling that of the St. Lawrence; her mountains in the North are capped with snow; and her floods form a mighty spectacle rising as much as a hundred feet in a night.

TO MARKET: Shan women carrying vegetables to market—which may be many miles from their homesteads. The women often start at daybreak and walk many miles to sell their produce. Despite their traditional indolence, the Burmese get through a deal of work

STATUS INDICATED BY TURBANS: The married members of a Shan chief's family wear high turbans; unmarried girls wear low turbans

AN ANCIENT CAPITAL: The gateway to Pagan, now a forsaken city of ruined pagodas. *Inset above* is a typical Shan chief and his son

THE FUNERAL BARGE of a *Pongyi* or Buddhist monk, in which he is rowed up and down the river

ON THE SINO-BURMESE FRONTIER: A typical wooden bridge. The Chinese influence is clearly discernible from the architectural style of the roofs

SNOQUALMIE : This impressive cataract is to be found in the Cascade Mountains, Washington, U.S.A. They are very typical of the class of fall for which the range is famed and named. The falls are a famous beauty spot

AFKA : The enchanting aspect of the falls in Lebanon. The bridge spanning one minor cascade dates from the era of Imperial Rome. The fall, which is a succession of foaming cascades, stands on the ancient site of Aphaca

TEQUENDAMA : This fall is some twenty miles from Bogota, the capital of Colombia. This cataract is set, like the falls of Kaietur, in an amphitheatre with perpendicular sides. The river approaches the main leap through a series of many cascades, gathering velocity; then it plunges 25 ft. on to a ledge and thence spreads out into a column 50 ft. thick and 150 ft. in breadth and falls in a round solid shaft of yellow water and white spray

KAIETUR : This fall, described at length in a recent issue of "The Sphere," is one of the great glories of British Guiana. The drop is so great (822 ft.) that spectators at the summit can scarcely hear the fall of the water below

UTIARITY : This great fall in the Central Brazilian plateau is one of the most spectacular in the world, rivalling even the "standard" cataract, Niagara. Utiarity was visited by the great Theodore Roosevelt in 1913

WATERFALLS of the WORLD

In previous issues of THE SPHERE *(September 27, 1930, and October 4, 1930) I had the opportunity of describing some of the giant cascades of the world—the Iguazu Falls of the Argentine, the Utiarity Falls of Brazil, and great falls of Basutoland, the Yellowstone, the Nikko Mountains of Japan, and in other districts. I now conclude with some notes on several other interesting waterfalls.*

The falls of Tequendama are set in an amphitheatre-like pit, whose perpendicular sides and floor are covered with thick forest and jungle. The river, which may be compared to a large Scotch salmon stream, descends through an upper gorge down a channel strewn with huge boulders and of an average width of some 50 ft. This gorge is about three miles in length, and its walls are bright with many-coloured flowers, ferns, cacti, and dark, glossy-leaved trees. The torrent foams and roars among the grey rocks, forming a series of many cascades, till finally it approaches the main leap. There it shoots out with great velocity between rocky cliffs, plunges 25 ft. on to a ledge, and thence, spreading out into a column of 50 ft. in thickness and 150 ft. in breadth, it falls sheer, "a round solid shaft of yellow water and white spray," into the cauldron below. The height of the fall was formerly much exaggerated by von Humboldt and other travellers. Modern measurements assign to it approximately 443 ft.

Yet another amphitheatre, more wonderful and romantic than those which form the background to Kaijituick or Tequendama, provides the setting for the falls of Afka in Lebanon. Afka, formerly known as Aphaca, was one of the most famous of those numerous sites of antiquity, so often established on the edge of a river or lake, which were dedicated to some deity of Fertility. Here huge cliffs, but sparsely clad with vegetation, rise abruptly to a height of over 2,000 ft., and at their base on the eastern side yawns an immense, quadrangular-shaped cavern from which a considerable stream leaps out in a succession of foaming cascades, pouring down among a ruin of fallen boulders for over 170 ft. to a point where the torrent is spanned by an ancient and single-arched Roman bridge. To right and left of the cavern there descend two secondary streams which join the main torrent lower down, while below the bridge the united waters form three further falls which pour from basin to basin, so perfectly carved in the solid rock as almost to lead one to believe that they were cut out by human agency.

On a hillock on the left bank of the torrent are still to be seen the remains of the temple of Venus Aphaca, built originally by Cinyras but later destroyed by the order of the Emperor Constantine on account of the licentious nature of the "mysteries" which were celebrated within its precincts. The red tinge of the river at certain seasons, owing to the mud which collects in it after heavy rains, gave rise in old days to the belief that it was caused by the blood of the slain Adonis. But the waters may sometimes in truth have been dyed by human blood during the yearly sacrifices which are said to have been consummated at this spot.

The Snoqualmie Falls on the river of that name in the Cascade Mountains, Washington, U.S.A., are a typical example of the numerous cataracts for which the whole range is famed. Though far less in height than the Multnomah Falls on a tributary of the great Columbia River, they carry considerably more water, and their sheer plunge of 268 ft. in swirling foam and mist, with their background of mountain and surroundings of vivid green forest, has made them rightly famous as one of the chief attractions of this region.

E. C. Rashleigh

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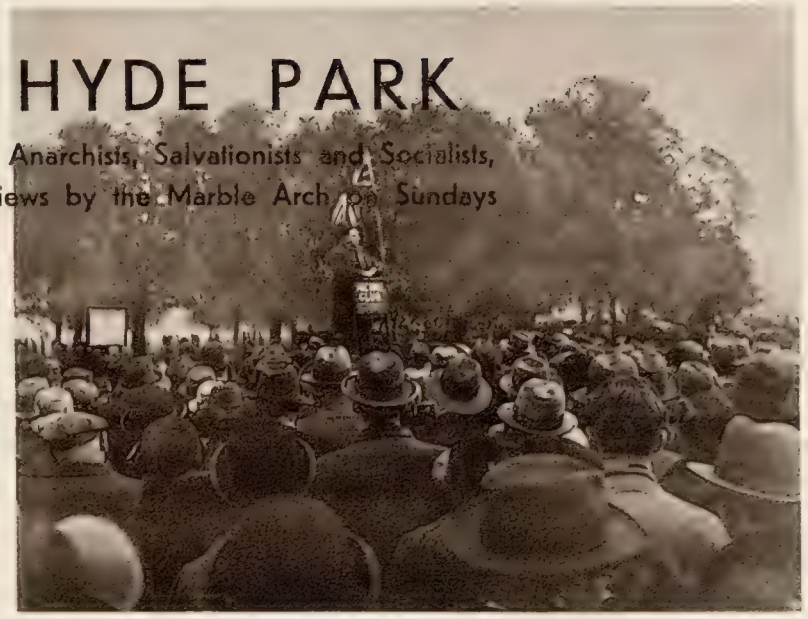


ONE PATRIOT IN A SEA OF INTERNATIONALISM: The speaker of the 1912 Club proudly flies the Union Jack. Beside him the most appalling sedition finds a vocal safety-valve—with which, on the English principle, the police do not interfere

THE AUDIENCE OF ONE: One of the most pitiful sights is the disregarded earnestness of some of the speakers in Hyde Park

THE CULT OF FREEDOM, which is hymned in a hundred accents in Hyde Park, here finds an advocate in the domestic field

THE CRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST finds an echo in Twentieth Century London—but fails to impress this "evil" generation

SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME is the cry of this speaker, who adduces the Cyprus riots as evidence of the wicked imperialism of his own land

INTENSE EARNESTNESS characterizes this negro speaker, who exhibits the oratorical technique of the coloured preachers of America

PATRIOTISM BY THE CLOCK: A speaker who sings "God Save the King" every five minutes—a welcome if strange psychological phenomenon

THE DUMB SPEAK: A mute orator whose eloquent gestures are "translated" to the crowd by his youthful assistant

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH does not scorn to strive to broadcast its message in competition with many rival—and antithetical—causes

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION: A typically diverse crowd reacting in diverse fashions characteristic of the temperament, heredity, and environment of each while listening to the soap-box orators. Disdain, contempt, surly disagreement, quiet consideration are all to be discerned

IN CASE OF TROUBLE a couple of constables stand aloof ready to interfere. They seldom act against the speakers, deeming free speech an effectual safety-valve—but often rescue them from a crowd they have inflamed; for sometimes the orators exceed the limits of even Londoners' tolerance

BOOKS—

Christopher Robin's Successor: Mellow and Scholarly Criticism: Costume through the Theatre

By CECIL ROBERTS

There are moments in a reviewer's life when he has a sudden shock of delight. A book tumbles into his hands and proves a treasury of good things. This week, among my books, there is Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collection of critical notices under the title of *Portraits*. But I knew what to expect from Mr. MacCarthy, and the excitement of his book lay in finding out whether he was going to disappoint one. When you go to hear a *prima donna* there is a standard below which you will demand your money back, or reach early for your hat. Her voice has to be worth the price of the stall.

It was with no anticipation that I picked up a little book of children's verses entitled *Will You Come as Well?* by Fay Inchfawn (Ward, Lock, 6s.). At this time of the year, books of this nature are poured forth. They are generally a collection of very weak rhymes setting forth the peculiar idiocy which is supposed to be cherished in the nursery. Mr. A. A. Milne's resounding success has swollen the ranks of the soppiness merchants, with their "fairies at the bottom of our garden, dwessed in silver with a star upon their heads." I share the sentiment of the little boy who said to his sister, when she imparted this news, "Let's biff 'em!"

Will You Come as Well? sounded like an invitation to one of those incredible fairy parties where the young queen does the disappearing trick, and the blue-nosed gnomes start romping. My attention was attracted at first by the illustration. These consisted of some spidery drawings by Treyer Evans. I looked, gasped, and looked again. Never had I seen such delectable children, such veritable fairies, with snub-noses, stringy legs, uncertain feet, and that light tread of the earth that makes, in comparison, a ballerina look like an elephant trying to walk on egg shells. I felt compelled to read the verses that had provoked such delicious drawings of childhood. However bad they might be they had the excuse of inspiring Mr. Treyer Evans to take the heaven of childhood captive with his pencil. And then I gasped again. This was an incredible combination of artists.

When Mildred struts
With reddened nose,
And makes strange gobbles
As she goes,
And spreads her petticoats
All perky,
She isn't naughty,
She's only being
Fletcher's turkey.

The leading characters in this book are Mary Rundle and Lancelot. Mr. Treyer Evans shows us Mary Rundle in bed, or Lancelot watering the plants, or going with a basket to market. Fay Inchfawn gives, opposite the drawing of an untidy little boy undressing, the following verses:

Little red jersey is slung on the door,
Little grey breeches are flung on the floor,
Left shoe is under the leg of a chair,
Right shoe is out on the top of the stair.
Socks, where are they?—oh, behind the oak chest!
No one can say what he's done with his vest.

Bump! Bump! What a noise overhead.
Lancelot's putting himself to bed.

There are other friends—Timothy Toad "in a yellow-brown jumper attired *à la mode*," and Edward Copp, who had a wonderful shop.

He sold
Kippers,
And slippers,
Milk dippers
And nippers
(For nipping
Ideas
In the bud).
He sold
Spats,
And fat cats,
And remarkable
mats
(For cleaning
One's shoes
Of the mud).

No, I must cease quoting. I see that Mr. A. A. Milne has announced that Christopher Robin has grown up, and he is vacating his throne: Fay Inchfawn steps on to it. This book fills me with the excitement of discovery and I cannot decide which are the more exquisite, the poems or the drawings that illustrate them. It must be bought and kept.

Beck and MacGregor

MR. DESMOND MacCARTHY, whose latest volume, *Portraits* — a scholarly and charitable book of criticism —is reviewed above

In the preface, addressed to himself aged twenty-two, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy seems to lament the fact that he has spent his life as a critic whereas once upon a time he intended to be creative. "Some day, when you came upon a hushed space in life, away from journalism, away from the hubbub of personal emotions, you fully intended to listen to yourself and, discovering what you thought about the world, to project it into a work of art—a play, a novel, a biography." There is a sad lament there, and yet at the sacrifice of his own ambition what pleasure Mr. MacCarthy gives us! He is the most catholic and discriminatlng critic with us to-day. His eye misses nothing, he looks on the familiar thing and suddenly in a sentence gives it a new aspect of beauty. His scholarship is never a parade, but a measuring rule for his subject.

In this volume of thirty-four collected studies, chiefly of the great Victorian's *Portraits* (Putnam. 7s. 6d.), Mr. MacCarthy exhibits his qualifications as a critic. He is interested in all aspects of life, in politics as well as literature. He likes to illustrate his points with a personal contact when possible, and he has written long enough to get beyond sarcasm and disillusionment, to accept a vice, knowing it may march with many virtues.

There is a study here of Oscar Browning, the fat, dirty Don, whose name was a synonym for snobbery. The portrait is a complete give-away and yet it has no malice. Alone among his critics Mr. MacCarthy makes a defence. "For one person I have met spoilt by snobbery, I should think I have met ten damaged by it in an inverted or cryptic form. It did no harm to O.B." He liked royalties and important noblemen and "went out of his way to put himself in theirs," but he also collected humanity as some people collect china. He had understanding and ripe wisdom.

How happy, too, is Mr. MacCarthy's portrait of Conrad. He foresees the reaction, he has seen the weakness in the great writer, but he maintains and proves that he still is great. "He seldom parted with his signature in any cause . . . he missed many opportunities of obtaining cheap advertisements." By my own personal knowledge I can testify how faithful and discerning is his record of contact with Conrad.

He makes the first identification of Sir Ethelred in the *Secret Agent* with Sir William Harcourt that I have seen, and I feel he is correct. From Asquith to Izaak Walton, from Voltaire to Tetrazzini, he compels me to exclaim again and again—"This is exactly the kind of mind I could live with!" It is a mind always a little ahead of one, a little more independent and experienced, the mind of a man of letters who has absorbed himself with other men's affairs—a Nosey-Parkerism of the noblest order. And always there is the additional award of the felicitous sentence, the pleasure to be derived from quietly displayed skill.

In *The Stream of Time*, by Mrs. C. S. Peel (Bodley Head. 18s.), there is displayed amazing industry directed to a good idea. Mrs. Peel has made a survey of the domestic and social life in England from 1805 to 1861. She has taken her matter from contemporary newspapers, novels, biographies, etc., and to display her collection has invented the life of two children growing up through the influences and personalities of their times. It is a rich, crowded period, one we now recognize as being that of England at the zenith of its power and prosperity. The book is copiously and excellently illustrated, but unfortunately it remains quite unreadable because Mrs. Peel has not learnt how to write clearly. If only she would sit under a good sub-editor for six months. We should not then encounter the fearful passages, labyrinthine, ungrammatical, and contradictory that make comfortable progress through this book quite impossible. I began to "blue pencil," but after ten pages gave up in despair. "Presently Lord Melbourne gave up his post of the Queen's political private secretary to the Prince." When this has been unravelled I take it that Mrs. Peel means, "Presently Lord Melbourne gave up to the Prince his post as political private secretary to the Queen"—a very different thing.

And here is a typical instance of confused thought and expression:

"One of his annoyances was removed a little later, and that was the carraway-seed-eating Baroness Lehzen, that governess-in-chief of all the governesses that ever there were, who survived the downfall of Lord Melbourne's Whig Ministry and the coming into power of Tory Sir Robert Peel by more than a year, and then faded away to

(*Continued on p. 504*)

THE UMPTEENTH PROPOSAL: Lord Java spends much of his time offering marriage to Mrs. Coney—who spends much of hers in attempting to evade the task of refusal. Perseverance ultimately succeeds

"WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THERE?" Tony, disturbed by Alan and Carol, suspects the worst as they emerge from her bedroom

"FLAT

The "light comedy" by Arthur Macrae at the Criterion is extremely light and extremely comic. It is concerned with an irresponsible family named Coney—with the

"I SHOULD LIKE A HUGE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE": Carol gives expression to the delight that possesses her at her realization that she has fallen in love with Alan, to Susan, her married sister

"WHY AREN'T YOU IN BED?" Mrs. Coney and Lord Java return to find the prudish domestic, Minna, has been kept up with Tony's piano playing

"TO LET"

result that a wit immediately renamed it Coney Hatch! Their *soufflé* love affairs and *zabaglione* misunderstandings make a very pleasant theatrical *entremets*

—PLAYS

"Fear" at the Little: Unchildlike Children: Films of Distinction

By PHILIP PAGE

By way of getting the public into a decent pitch of austerity before the rush of more or less carnivalesque holiday productions, managers—commercial and otherwise—have been presenting plays of profound morbidity and gloom. The type of acting intended to denote buoyant eagerness has been for the most part confined to the grill-rooms where those who are rehearsing and those who would like to be rehearsing are wont to congregate. Here one has found musical-comedy stars, as large as life, and half as natural, recuperating after their successful efforts to prevent the inclusion in the cast of the forthcoming piece any member of their own sex who could by the slightest stretch of imagination be called attractive. Here, too, were managers impressing by subtle dialectic the fact that to engage a performer from abroad at three times the salary an English performer with four times the ability could expect is really a highly patriotic process. And at other tables could have been seen dramatists explaining that *Cavalcade* is really a very bad play indeed and that the public taste has degenerated anyway. In short, the kindly spirit of Christmas has descended on that easy, good-natured, and mutually-sympathetic *coterie*—the theatrical profession.

Mr. José Levy, not in himself a gloomy person, has produced in *Fear* at the Little Theatre a play without a laugh in it, but with not a few thrills of the better sort. The late Lord Lathom, a true enthusiast for the theatre, was half a Mæcenas and half a Jubilee Juggins in his attitude towards the art he adored. A man of great natural generosity, he entertained with lavishness budding playwrights, at least one of whom has blossomed into something very full-blown, and wasted a lot of money in financing revues of the more footling order. Perhaps by way of penance for the latter course, he wrote some serious plays which showed much promise. *Fear* is one of them. Except for some depressing epigrams, which Miss Kate Cutler uttered—all honour to her conscientiousness—as if they were the cream of Wilde or

"FLAT TO LET"

Mrs. Coney	Lilian Braithwaite
Carol	Ann Todd
Tony	Reginald Gardiner
Minna	Molly Lumley
Susan	Eileen Peel
Lord Java	Athole Stewart
Alan Plowman	Frank Allenby

Lonsdale, *Fear* is not only a one-man show but a one-idea show. With the exception of Henry Irving in *The Bells*, this sort of thing has never succeeded. Even Eugene O'Neill failed with *The Emperor Jones*. Yet Lord Lathom's experiment was interesting, and his play was well worth producing. Its chief fault is that it is based on a supposition which will not hold water. A rich young couple take a house with a haunted room in it. There is no reason why they should have taken it and there is no reason why they should not leave it except, of course, that Lord Lathom would have had no foundation for his play had they done so.

If I were to rent a haunted house, with a room "the very walls of which bristled with electric horror" (as George Augustus Sala wrote of the famous haunted house of Berkeley Square), I would do one of two things. The most probable would be to follow the example of the boy who, asked what steps he would take if he found himself in the jungle confronted by a man-eating tiger, replied "long ones." The alternative course would be to have that haunted room redecorated in the gayest and most modern fashion, to instal the latest system of dazzling floodlighting, and to give a series of cocktail parties in it, with a jazz-band in attendance. Failing that, it would come in useful as a bedroom for people one really loathed.

But in *Fear* Mr. and Mrs. Tony Matthews (who, I repeat, were rich) did none of these things. Tony not only omitted to furnish that room, allowing it to moulder, with dusty rubbish in heaps and cracked window-panes, but elected to spend a moonlight night there, with a candle as his sole companion. The result was he worked himself up into a fine state of hysteria and ended up by gibbering on the floor. The sudden entrance of his wife seemed to be the last straw, for it plunged him into a recital of the Lord's Prayer. A sincere, but quite illogical piece of work.

The performance of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry was in the grand manner, which is apt to be despised by those actors incapable of assuming it. He gibbered magnificently, though I preferred him when he was not gibbering, but ominously morose. Miss Mary Glynne as his sympathetic young wife should, I think, be awarded the palm for the best piece of acting for 1931. There seems to be nothing Miss Glynne cannot do on the stage except to make a mistake. She has brains, beauty, personality and, if need be, a tragic intensity; she is utterly unaffected in both style and diction. Her difficult scene of tactful forbearance with her nerve-wracked Tony I shall never forget.

Sasha

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM who has taken Miss Fay Compton's part in *Autumn Crocus* at the Lyric Theatre

We do not, on the English stage, involve children in sexual complexities. A good rule, too. That was one reason why, in the long ago, *Peter Pan* failed in Paris. That early scene in the nursery aroused expectations which were not fulfilled, so there was no hope for the rest, for all the Barrie-isms and whimsies. In Germany they are different. Wedekind dealt extensively and cleverly with a peculiar brand of prurient nastiness. Schönherr, whose *The Children's Tragedy* I saw at the Phœnix the other day, is neither nasty nor prurient; but he uses children as a sort of mirror for the amorous misdeeds of their elders in a fashion which jars on those sections of an audience who do not like burrowing in these strange backwaters of the human mind. In this play there are a father and a mother and the mother's lover. We do not see them. We only hear of what they do by means of their three children, two boys and a girl. The children talk matters over precociously and the murder of the lover is discussed. It is not very pleasant but it has the advantage of not being boring. Another advantage (though an unconscious one) is that the children look just about as childlike as the plump prima donnas who sing in *Hansel and Gretel*. They were uncommonly mature in appearance and they talked like lecturers at the London School of Economics. Otherwise I think I should have found *The Children's Tragedy* nauseating.

With every anxiety to be impressed favourably by a British film, I confess that *Man of Mayfair* at the Carlton caused me disappointment. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid in the form of Mr. Jack Buchanan, as a peer, falling in love with Miss Joan Barry, a musical-comedy actress, is a trifle too unsophisticated, even for filmdom. Besides, these social gaps are no longer gaps. A background of semi-tragedy is introduced by the revelation that the actress has a brother in prison. When the author, in order to bring the couple together, arranges for the peer to have a near relative in similar disgrace the effect is ludicrous, instead of being, as was intended, profoundly moving. A pleasant relief was the beautifully tender playing of Miss Ellaline Terriss as the actress's old-world mother.

Mr. Buchanan is always charming, and gave the necessary comic touch in irrelevant episodes concerning bees and bicycles. Miss Joan Barry looked as pretty as a basket of peaches; she was a trifle saccharine, but the part demands it.

The American film which followed, *A Night Angel*, was better in every way. Miss Nancy Carroll, a real actress, is worth more than all the platinum-blondes that ever smirked beside a Hollywood bathing-pool.

Miss Carroll made her first big success in this country in *The Devil's Holiday*, and although that was obvious sort of clap-trap, she made it live. An entirely different type of film in which I also saw her a few nights ago was *Personal Maid* at the Plaza, an admirable show of its kind, which did not pretend to be serious.

Sunshine Susie is a British film, and a good one. Miss Renate Muller (who is not British, so the patriotic pæans have to be qualified somewhat), is a nice little thing, not yet quite perfect in film technique, since it is difficult not to feel that she feels that the camera is there all the time. Mr. Jack Hulbert, in one of those almost complete disguises which used to astonish me in revue, puts in some splendid work as a quaint type of Austrian, and Mr. Owen Nares shows that it is possible to assimilate film methods without getting out of practice in those in use for the legitimate stage.

If Messrs. Naughton and Gold are one half as funny in the Lyceum pantomime as they were at the Palladium, this will be a riotous affair. But the Lyceum has gone in for knock-about fun, the cruder the better, for years with vast success. To this theatre returns also the stentorian Mr. George Jackley. Like Herr Tauber, he is famous for his voice. And our climate does not daunt him.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON

Christmas-time is always marked in Holborn by a plague of mechanical toys, each outdoing the other in attractiveness and ingenuity. The hawkers line the kerb and run their wares across the pavement. It is a grave matter to take a youthful charge past them for one is inevitably landed in a considerable delay and a considerable expenditure in copper or small change. Even those of riper years are not immune from the appeal the toys make

MANNIKINS' PARADE: A scene on the pavement at Holborn where hawkers do a thriving trade in ingenious mechanical toys

"BUY—BUY—BUY": Adults feel the spell of the newest attractions for the younger generation, now being sold by the last itinerant pedlars

RACING MOTOR CYCLISTS are one of the great attractions among mechanical toys, and trapeze acrobats prove close rivals

"'AT'S A' ONE ME WANT": One small child expresses his delight in, and his desire for, a novel mechanical toy

FRIENDS OF THE YOUNG

INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS: The daughter of one of the officials at Wembley Stadium has, as her toy and playmate combined, Mousey, one of the greyhounds

FELIX AS FIDO: An amusing incident at the National Cat Club Show at the Crystal Palace occurred when a young competitor brought her kitten on a leash

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT: Miss Barbara and Miss Ann Pank give their dolls the benefit of the ultra-violet rays in Kensington Gardens

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIG DOG: Miss Pamela Robinson and her Great Dane present a delicious contrast in Kensington Gardens

HEADS OF THE GREAT

Among the quasi-sciences—astrology, graphology, and palmistry—phrenology takes a high place, although it has decreased in popularity since the before-the-War period. One of its strongholds, however, is still extant in Ludgate Circus, where Mrs. O'Dell has her studio. Hither have come members of various Royal families and leaders of politics, industry, and invention to have their "bumps" read. The percentage of accurate readings by Mrs. O'Dell is extraordinarily high

THE CHOICE OF OCCUPATION is one of the many subjects on which phrenology advises—with, apparently, considerable success

GREAT MEN OF THE PAST have patronized O'Dell's phrenological studio in Ludgate Circus and 45,000 clients have sent testimonials

THE GENIUS OF THE HEAD: Mrs. O'Dell in her sanctum exercising her art upon a client. Phrenology has nothing psychic about it

"BY THEIR *BUMPS* SHALL YE KNOW THEM" is the motto of the phrenologists, pre-eminent among whom is Mrs. O'Dell of Ludgate Circus

UNEMPLOYMENT ALL OVER THE WORLD

AMERICA

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM: New York Communists parade with banners requesting free food and doles. A proportion were earnestly asking for work

PRAMS AS PROVISION LORRIES: The line-up of unemployed waiting to obtain food given out at a police station—evidence of the acute situation in the U.S.A.

REAL—NOT LOCAL—COLOUR: Miss Joan Lowell, a young author, hard hit by the depression, joins the line waiting for a "hand-out" consisting mainly of hash

FEEDING THE HOMELESS IN NEW YORK: A scene in one of the municipal lodging houses, where in 1931, three-quarters of a million homeless have been assisted

THANKSGIVING DAY, on which turkey is the traditional fare, celebrated on a stew (made of many birds) in a famous welfare centre in New York

ENGLAND

STAMPEDE FOR A JOB: Forty hands were wanted for a night shift in a Bradford factory. A queue started forming at 3 a.m. and, when the doors were opened at 11.15, hundreds rushed them

FRANCE

CHARITY MEALS IN PARIS: The queue of beggars, strikers, and tramps, lined up outside one of the "soupes populaires" established in the capital

HUNGARY

FIELD KITCHENS IN HUNGARY: Philanthropic workers in Budapest at work in the poor districts. They feed an ever-increasing crowd of poor children

SWEDEN

SWEDISH UNEMPLOYMENT is heavily on the increase as this queue of unemployed, awaiting doles outside the Trade Unions Building, Stockholm, shows

GERMANY

HOSPITALS AS SOUP KITCHENS: Several of the hospitals in Berlin have inaugurated a charitable practice, giving free hot dinners to the unemployed

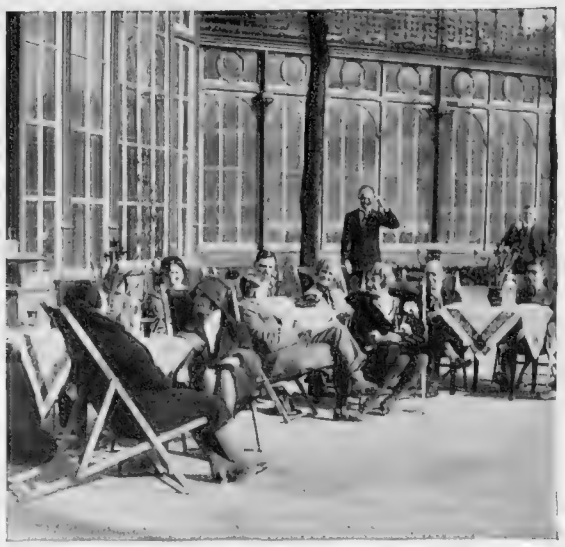
SUBSIDIES AND LAND are given to unemployed in Germany. They build houses and thus help in solving both the unemployment and the housing problems

POLICE STATIONS in Berlin have been pressed into service as relief centres where the impoverished children of the city are given a square meal

THE ITINERANT PEDLAR has made an appearance in the streets of Berlin. This man demonstrates a darning device to be affixed to any sewing machine

A LIBRARY IN THE STREET: 30,000 volumes, formerly owned by Duke von Sachen-Alten, have been bought and are now set up as a street library in Berlin

Buxton is not only a famous resort for many sports, but is a spa of distinction, the waters containing radio-active properties. The thermal baths are as up to date as any in the world



The Pavilion might be described as a miniature Crystal Palace, and its concert hall is capable of holding 2,000 people. It also has an admirable dance floor

Buxton is set in the heart of the Peak District and is an excellent centre for rambling and motoring. The town itself has an atmosphere of spaciousness and blends modernity with classicism

The Peak District offers some of the finest and earliest winter sport in Britain and ski-ing, tobogganing and tramping over hills make it an ideal winter resort

The tennis courts—both hard and grass—are renowned, and eight new En-Tout-Cas courts have recently been laid down. In sunny wintry weather they are a great attraction to the resort

Special dance bands are engaged for the thés dansants *and the evening dances held in the Pavilion, the lake of which often affords good skating*

BUXTON — THE MOUNTAIN SPA

Set in the heart of the Peak District, Buxton offers an astonishingly large number of attractions to its visitors. Sport of all kinds—tennis, golf, ski-ing, tobogganing, walking, tramping, motoring are all available; while indoor amusements are offered in equal profusion—concerts, *thés dansants*, evening dances, cards, billiards and all other conventional pastimes being more than adequately catered for. In addition to its attractions as a purely holiday resort, Buxton is a health resort of distinction. Its thermal baths are remarkably curative in cases of gout and rheumatism, and are as up-to-date as any similar installation in Europe. The town itself is at once modern and classical, and certain aspects of it recall the spacious contours of the City of Beau Nash. The scenery of its environs presents some of the most famous beauty-spots in the country, while the climate is famous for early snow.

WINTER SPORT in LAKELAND

Climbing, Skating, and Ski-ing are Not Purely Alien Pastimes

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

Modern developments have added force to Kingsley's apt couplet—

"Whilst we see God's signet
fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting with the
nations round?"

Truly, given an old-fashioned English winter, there is no great advantage in going abroad to enjoy it. Recent seasons have seen Lakeland for weeks on end, frost bound, with splendid skating available on the lofty mountain tarns and frequently on the larger lakes such as Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Water and even Windermere. Moreover, and over all, the mountains have towered icily aloft in sunny splendour calling the alert and active sportsman skywards. These lakeland peaks are real mountains; they call for judgment, care, and skill if their inmost and higher recesses are to be explored. Nearly every lofty valley affords opportunities for ski-ing during some part of the winter season, and lower slopes and mountain tracks can easily be turned into toboggan runs.

Perfect ski-ing conditions are not always available, but in the early months of the year the higher mountains usually constantly hold much weathered snow, and judgment in the choice of appropriate sunny or shady slopes can soon be learnt. Magnificent ski-ing runs are frequently available on the vast northerly slopes of Skiddaw, which are easily attained by modern transport by way of the Dash Valley. The snow lies here deep and long into springtime. Keswick is the best centre, but the new palatial hotel at Armathwaite is nearer and suitable for the skating on Bassenthwaite Water.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

For the skier in Northern Lakeland, there are also fine opportunities on Grisedale Pike and Hobcarton, also on the peaks around the Vale of Newlands, a sun-bathed dale which, amongst the Lakeland mountains, is in this important respect probably only surpassed by Langdale on the Windermere side of the district. As regards sunshine the Lake District has remarkable advantages and holds records favourably comparable with the well-known south country resorts. Fogs are extremely rare. The rest of England may be blotted out, but north of Morecambe Bay the heights of Westmorland rise clear beyond the mirk like a huge natural screen, and further on over Dunmail Raise sunshine bathes the

"EXCELSIOR!" A scene up the Great Central Gully—Great End—typical of winter snow conditions in High Lakeland. Without definite information to the contrary, this would be taken unquestionably for an incident in the Alps, Dolomites, or other famous foreign mountain district

ERE OF TRAVEL

hills and dales of Cumberland. Windermere and Keswick are undoubtedly the two sunniest centres; both have excellent hotels wherein the social side of winter sports can be easily developed and enjoyed. At Glenridding, near the head of Ullswater, there is attractive accommodation and the easterly face of Helvellyn holds huge quantities of snow until late in the year. The slopes above Keppel Cove Tarn have ideal angles, and their consistency is frequently of real Alpine texture.

More hardy enthusiasts will infest the deep-set valleys of Borrowdale and Wastdale. Already these places have developed an annual clientele—an exclusive crowd who may now find their winter-time joys shared and appreciated by the world at large. These are the centres for the higher mountains. The novices on ski should avoid the more precipitous peaks, for some have treacherous slopes ending with drops over into nothing. The Pillar mountain, nowadays so easily accessible from the Anglers' Hotel by Ennerdale Water, is most fascinating for winter mountaineering, but its slopes need much discrimination. The tragedy of the young climber who slid down the snow slope on the east side of the Pillar Rock accentuates the warning note. He failed to stop on the slippery surface and dashed down at a terrific speed to disappear beyond the overhanging rift of Walker's Gully nearly 400 feet high. There are other similar death-traps, and an ice-axe is a very needful equipment detail for winter wandering on British mountains.

In one detail the Lake District is supreme. It affords the most accessible and best winter sport mountaineering in Britain. Great End has magnificent couloirs usually snowy and ice-bound; the same may be said of the Ennerdale side of Great Gable and the Scawfell Crags. On the latter mountain Deep Ghyll provides the most interesting of winter expeditions. Thus a party of us agreed not long ago. We came up from Keswick and at Sty Head Tarn three enthusiasts had been left to skate over perfect ice and at intervals disport themselves on ski on the slopes of Great Gable.

Scawfell was a region of still, white winter solitude; above us rose 1,000 ft. of ice-festooned precipice; below, filmy clouds hid all signs of the nether world. It should not be forgotten that the climbing on Scawfell is as dangerous and difficult as anything in the Alps. The terrific frost-fretted wall of Scawfell pinnacle above our heads was obviously impossible. Deep Ghyll afforded the only direct route up the cliffs, and soon we were struggling to effect a lodgment on the huge icy boulder which formed the first obstacle in the gully. The snow was banked up steeply over the great cave 50 ft. deep, and care was needed to prevent a collapse through the fragile bridge. With gloved fingers it was possible to grip an icy ledge and so raise oneself to the summit. Then followed a long, steep slope of hard snow, where every step had to be cut with the ice-axe. The big boulders which soon blocked the ghyll from side to side to form the second pitch were only partially snow-masked, and blue-black ice shone through. To effect a lodgment on the "bulge" overhead seemed impossible; there are no ladders in Deep Ghyll. Yet it was found that a human one could be improvised by the second climber planting himself against the icy wall. Then the leader mounted to his shoulder and finally to the head of his long-suffering companion. Thence holds could be cleared quickly with the ice-axe, and a stance obtained above the flow of language from the down-trodden "second." Fifty feet of delicate balancing ended on the upper slopes, and we emerged an hour later in sunny warmth on the crest of Scawfell. Darkness fell ere the ski-ing parties were rejoined at Sty Head Pass, and so valley-wards to Borrowdale.

Such are some of the loftier joys of Lakeland in snow time. At lower levels there is much to attract the lover of healthful outdoor life. Moreover, some of the large palatial hotels, at inexpensive rates, are arranging to receive and entertain winter sports visitors. The mountain hunts of the Blencathra Pack are unique, and should not be missed. All followers travel on foot, and a day on the fells with John Peel's successors is an impressive experience, and perchance more pleasurable if sly Reynard gets away, a very common event when the mountains are frostbound.

Thus, under normal winter conditions, Keswick is probably the best centre, especially in settled frosty weather with skating to the fore. Derwentwater is invariably the first of the large lakes to offer safe skating; Rydal Water is usually ready about the same time, and both are under official supervision as regards safe areas. The former lake possesses an enthusiastic curling club, who also own a small private water near Keswick, where keen sport "wi' the the roaring staans" can be enjoyed until the bigger lake is available.

Nearly every winter there is skating on Derwentwater, frequently for weeks on end, and some of the small local tarns near Keswick freeze quickly, and herald the on-coming sport. During some seasons Derwentwater is frozen firmly from end to end—clear, clean, smooth, blue-black ice—a type practically unknown abroad. It is one of the unforgettable pleasures of life to skate the three-mile length of the lake to see the famous falls of Lodore, no longer "roaring and pouring," but silent and still, one huge icicle.

THE JAWS OF BORROWDALE: A scene at first glance more reminiscent of Switzerland than of Britain. Tobogganing is available on the lower slopes; almost every lofty valley affords decent ski-ing; even the great lakes such as Derwentwater and even Windermere freeze frequently, and there are always skating and curling on the smaller waters — In fact all the amenities and excitements of the great alpine centres are available at home

THE PEARL OF THE INDIES

The Seventh of a Series of Short Articles Describing Life on Board and Ports of Call Encountered on an Ocean Cruise

Ceylon is an island of palms. The same may be said about Hawaii and a hundred other islands, but the first glimpse of Ceylon from the sea is a streak of vivid green on the horizon.

The Port of Colombo announces its vocation at first sight. It is the busiest port of call in the East. Without its shipping it would lose its fame within a year. It is in the direct line to Australia and the Far East. When we first steamed past the breakwater, there were five liners and a destroyer in the harbour. Seventy hours later when we left, there were three entirely different liners, a tanker, and a trooper.

To compensate for the lack of docks, there is an imposing landing-stage for the motor launches that scud, day and night, across the harbour to and from the ships at anchor. This landing-stage is the heart of the town. There is one wide street leading upward from the pier where the principal shops and arcades are situated. It is reminiscent of Hong Kong, and is the souvenir hunter's Happy Hunting Ground. Precious stones are the principal wares, although anything can be purchased from a pith helmet to a pair of ebony elephants.

Colombo has rickshas—the last we saw on the world cruise.

The city does not abound in novelties for a sightseer arriving from the East.

A Hindu temple or two—new palatial administrative headquarters—the usual squalid, stinking side streets in the Pettah—a native vegetable market—a banyan tree with a hundred trunks—these are practically all the thrills the town has to offer the casual explorer. The inhabitants are more indolent than the Chinese and less terrifying than the Malays. Many of the men wear their hair long, coiling it on their heads and decorating it with combs, like Spanish señoritas. These are the true Singalese.

Every tourist goes to Kandy, and the three hours' ride there is the most wonderful trip to be made anywhere in the Indies.

We crowded into a large Minerva at the pier at eight o'clock on a sweltering morning, and were whirled away out of town on to the Prince of Wales Avenue—an arterial road that His Royal Highness opened a year or two ago.

Our first halt was at the estate of Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike. This distinguished old gentleman stood at the gate in his native finery and welcomed us, in university English, to his private zoo. Seeing that he meant it seriously, we thanked him and spent a thrilling half-hour admiring wild beasts of all kinds. Sir Solomon is the prominent resident of the island, and was a schoolfellow of King George. When in England he is *persona grata* at Buckingham Palace.

THE REFUGE OF A PARRICIDE: The Sigiriya Rock, Ceylon, whither the Parricide King fled. Here on the summit he built a fortified palace and lived there for years

Our next stop was at a Rest House just off the main road; there we bought bananas and beer. These Rest Houses stand at intervals of ten or twelve miles along every highway. They are clean, reliable hostels owned and controlled by the government, and they are a boon to travellers that is not found in every land.

Farther on our driver pulled in at the roadside and brought in some ordinary looking leaves he had pulled from a shrub. They were tea.

We could scarcely believe our eyes as we glanced, first at the dark green leaves and then at the place they came from. We had always imagined a tea plantation as a vast plain laid out with regular rows of plants as per the advertisements of Thomas Lipton. Instead, there was a stretch of undulated ground covered with bushes and a special kind of tree—the latter are planted to enrich the soil. We looked in at a tea factory and watched the women and young girls squatting on their haunches as they picked the bad tea from the good. Now we know for certain the difference between the green and yellow packets on the shelves of the grocers' shops!

Before we reached Kandy we had to climb the steepest hill in Southern Ceylon. There is one spot where the gradient doubles on itself and actually cuts a hole in the mountain side. It is a more difficult stretch than the Pali Pass at Honolulu, although not quite so thrilling. At the summit is a monument to the engineer who built it. Some may look upon this memorial with pride, but others, when they manage to reach it, may curse it! On the way up we passed at least a dozen fine cars that had given up the ghost.

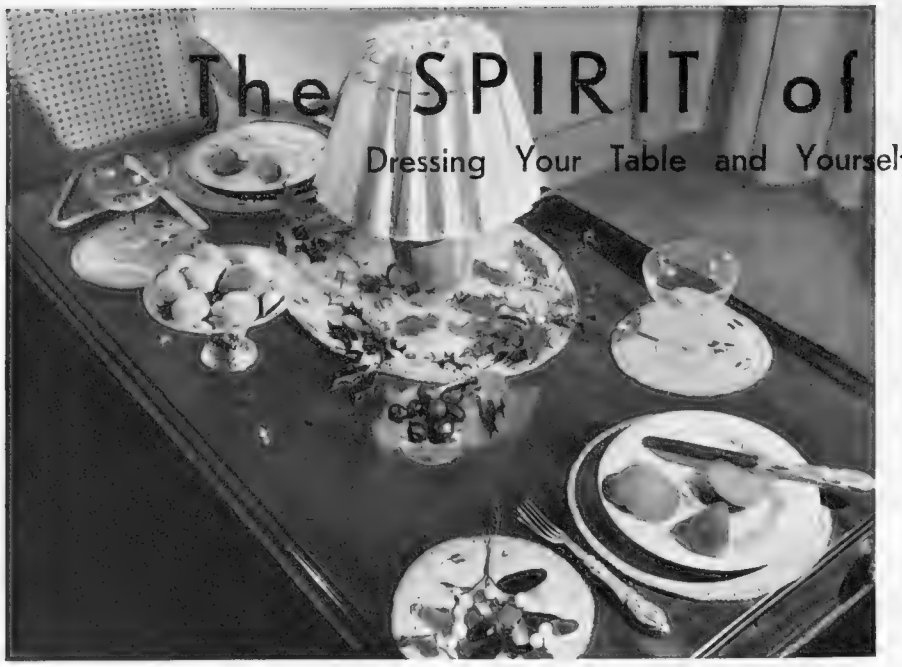
Kandy is 1,600 feet above sea-level and is the Simla of Ceylon. There is a huge lake, where goldfish and poisonous water snakes teem in millions. A fine place for gangsters, for a man who fell in accidentally would be dead in 30 seconds and eaten up in 30 minutes! There are also some gorgeous views of the surrounding country.

We persuaded our driver to take us up Lady Horton's Drive—a great adventure, since it is just a steep footpath and totally unsafe for traffic on wheels. And then, after a dozen minor heart attacks, we did not find Lady Horton in when we got to the top. She does not even own a house there, but just had the death trap named after her. However, the view from the top amply compensated us for our disappointment.

After we had watched the sacred elephants of the Kandian Kings take their annuals in the Mahaweliganga river, we began our homeward journey, making a detour through the botanical gardens, which are no less lovely than those of Singapore, but contain no monkeys.

The SPIRIT of CHRISTMAS

Dressing Your Table and Yourself for the Feast of Yule



An attractive festive table carried out in green. The linen mats are in a deep shade of that colour, relieved by red and orange flowers, the lamp and shade are in a paler tone, and the pattern of the china is chiefly in green. The lamp comes from GORRINGES

The exquisite silver fruit and flower bowls, together with the candlesticks in the centre of the table, are designed by GEORG JENSEN. The dinner cloth and napkins are hand-embroidered linen with Richelieu open-work. From ROBINSON and CLEAVER

This jolly table is all set for the youthful party. The snowball in the centre contains presents, and Santa Claus is carrying a lot of crackers. Both come from SWAN and EDGAR'S. The large bons-bons contain some fascinating presents; they are made by the well-known firm of TOM SMITH

Here is an effective fancy dress costume, "gala nights." It has a divided skirt and is carried out in yellow silk and decorated in circles of various sizes and colours which look like balloons. The hat is silver and the belt red. MARSHALL and SNELGROVE

"Perky Pierrette" is the name given to this "chic" costume. The corsage is of jazz patterned sateen, the skirt of three-tiered net with tinsel braid, whilst a smart hat and ruffle complete the ensemble, which may be obtained in scarlet, green, blue, and mauve. HARRODS

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GIFTS of NOËL

A Last Look Round

Boxes of CADBURY'S Assorted Chocolates are presents that will be appreciated by every member of the family—to say nothing of a tin of Cadbury's delicious drinking chocolate

presents a stumbling-block. To-day the famous "James" bicycles may now be obtained on a gradual payment system which greatly facilitates their purchase. A tricycle or small bicycle for the nursery folk, or a motor-cycle for the grown-ups, may also be paid for in this way.

There are many of our friends of both sexes who would be pleased to have a really reliable and efficacious hair oil brought to their notice. Rowland's Macassar Oil claims to be the most nearly perfect preparation for replacing any deficiency of the natural oil, and exerting a stimulating effect, so producing a healthy scalp and active roots. Falling, splitting, and harsh hair are soon things of the past, and the head appears as Nature intended it to be.

For children it is especially valuable, for their hair needs constant washing, which although essential for cleanliness is definitely bad for the scalp, as it deprives it of the natural oil which has many important functions to perform. If the natural oil is replaced whenever the hair is washed, then no harmful effect is caused, and it is in this direction that Rowland's Macassar oil is invaluable.

An inexpensive gift that is especially suitable for the small household — a honey jar with an attractive and colourful design costing 2s. 3d. at WHITELEYS

In these times of crisis, when we watch vigilantly for lasting quality combined with a low price, it is refreshing to review the "Chilprufe" underwear products.

They are essentially practical for children as they are tailored to the figure and have as few fastenings as possible, whilst giving absolute freedom of movement to the limbs of the ever active child.

Many attractive "Chilprufe" garments are also made for women, enabling the wearer to have warmth without weight. It is perhaps not so well known that these same underwear specialists now make certain types of shoes, baby's first walking shoe, for instance, costing from 6s. 9d., or a cosy moccasin slipper for mother at 11s. 9d., to name only two.

The men-folk too are provided with the same large range of warm, reliable garments at reasonable prices.

"Please can I have a bicycle for Christmas" is a request that is heard in more than one home at this season of the year, but the question of cost frequently

Here is a gift for the invalid in the form of a chair with an automatic adjustable back, which can be lowered or raised to any desired angle by simply pressing a button and leaning back until the required position is obtained. J. FOOT and SON, Ltd.

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H.M. The King has sent a donation of £10 towards the funds of the Newport Market Army Bands School, which is a branch of the above Society. Will readers of THE SPHERE please copy this Royal example by sending a Christmas gift to the Society. 1,100 children are always being fed, clothed, and educated in the Society's various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa*. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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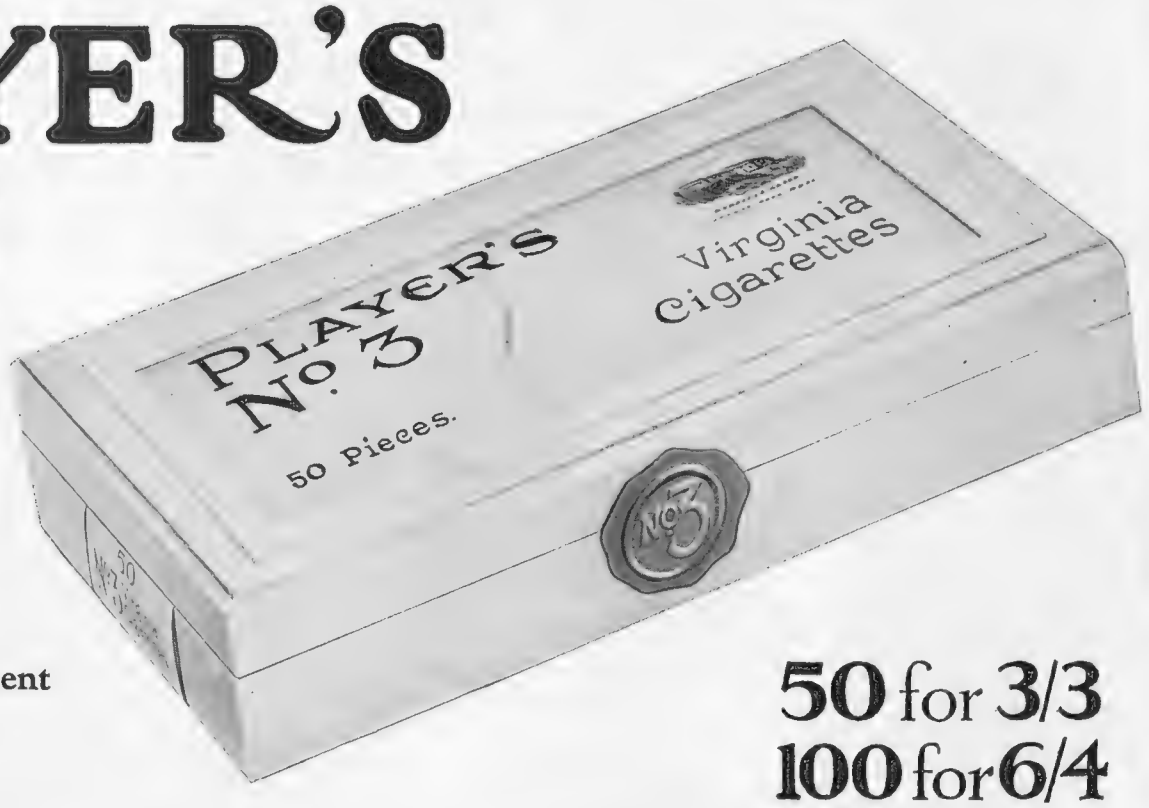

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"The BIGGEST FAMILY *in the* WORLD"

(Continued from p. 485)

A one-armed boy who used to be in Kinnaird's in those days told me of his first day there. A boy in the bakery sold him an extra round of toast for 1d., while another sold him a tennis ball, which bounced quite well, for 4d. Having arrived with a total capital of 5d., he was thus cleaned out. I gathered, however, that he enjoyed his life there thoroughly, and particularly his uniform, which had a great effect on his small girl friends.

But who was Dr. Barnardo? Well, his name was Thomas John Barnardo, and he was born in 1845 in Dublin, the ninth son of his parents. The omens of his birth were unfortunate. That day the Wicklow-Wexford Railway went smash and cost his father many thousands of pounds. Twenty-one years later Barnardo entered the London Hospital, and in the cholera epidemic of 1866 acted as a volunteer. The original Dr. Barnardo Home was a donkey shed in Hope Place, E., which Barnardo rented for 2s. 6d. a week and made habitable. His first boy was named Jim Jarvis, who took him to an alley, on a roof of which lay eleven other boys as homeless, hungry, and hopeless as the starving children of Petrograd and Moscow. That night Dr. Barnardo, who had previously thought of doing mission work in China, decided that charity began at home.

It was good that he did. As the Duke of York said not long ago, "The charter of the Homes is: 'No destitute child ever refused admission,' and on an average five come in every day. The family always numbers over 8,000 boys and girls and babies—the largest family in the world."

Many sentimental people are inclined to say that any parent is better than a foster-parent, and that any home is better than a Home. With that I can only disagree heatedly. Here is a charity organization so efficient that at Woodford, for example, it feeds its boys admirably for £12 a year each, although the overhead charges about work out at a cost of £55 a year per child. The work is constructive, patriotic, and national.

If you know of a better home, go to it.

BOOKS—

(Continued from p. 494)

her native Hanover where, in a cosy, small house surrounded by portraits of her who, as child, girl, and woman she had tended and whose mind she helped to form, she passed from greatness."

I think that sentence is unique in that it combines almost every known fault of composition. Mrs. Peel's industry makes her book a gold-mine for writers, but it will also be a nightmare of construction.

Recently a judge has been expressing his views on the amount a woman should spend on dress. He did not dare to be as frank as Mr. Theodore Komisarjevsky in *The Costume of the Theatre* (Bles. 25s.), who begins: "To look beautiful. To assume importance. To appeal sexually. These are the human aspirations upon which Dame Fashion has invariably worked when creating what is called costume." In this book the famous producer deals with costume from the earliest times down to the twentieth century. He frequently goes to the theatre for his illustrations, since they mirrored the age, and to contemporary artists. The result is a book which briefly presents a long history of dress, directed mainly to the examples supplied by the theatre, but nevertheless reflective of domestic custom in each age. We are often scandalized by adventurous ladies of to-day, but what should we have thought of the Venetian courtesans of the sixteenth century who wore stiff skirts, cut out in front, without petticoats to show their stockinged legs and garters, or of the seventeenth-century women whose *décolletés* exposed the whole bosom, forcing it almost up to the chin by means of a *gorge-postiche?*

In 1900 it was indecent for a woman to put one leg over another. When a big manufacturer expressed a desire to present twelve pairs of stockings to Queen Victoria the shocked Court official replied, "The Queen of England has no legs, sir." Despite a continued reticence at Court they have now walked right into our notice, in transparent, flesh-coloured stockings. Mr. Komisarjevsky's book presents an astonishing parade of human folly, prudery, licence, and contemporary history. It is written with a nice wit, and illustrated by a large number of excellent contemporary plates.

We live and learn. I have always had a great distaste and contempt for those yapping little Pekinese dogs with faces that seem to have come out of a bad collision. Now, here comes a book, *The Lion Dog of Peking*, by Annie Coath Dixey (Davies. 10s. 6d.), that shows me how ignorant I really am. This entertaining book will not make me like Pekinese, but I shall have a considerable respect for them henceforth. The Pekinese seems to have been a monarch among dogs in the time of the great Han Dynasty, 200 years before Christ. They were bred in the Royal Palace at Pekin, and enjoyed divine favours with the Emperor.

And at the end of Chinese power, when the Summer Palace was sacked by the Allies, a hush fell upon the invaders as they entered an inner room. There lay, dead from her own hand, one of the royal princesses, and guarding her was the sacred Pekinese. It was one of fifty survivors of the royal sleeve dogs. It was brought to England and presented to Queen Victoria, who had its portrait painted, which may be seen to this day, that of a proud, lovely little lady, conscious of her royal origin. The dog lover must not miss this book; the Pekinese hater certainly should not. Here is a pedigree that shows a mere dog with a more ancient lineage than any boasted of in Debrett.

CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS

No table at this period of the year, no party is complete without the graceful decoration, the gay embellishment, the mirth-provoking adjuncts—crackers. Crackers with paper hats, crackers with deafening instruments, crackers that look as delicate as a tulle frock, crackers that look as sturdy as a tree-trunk, crackers bedecked with jewellery, crackers containing fireworks, crackers with mottoes, crackers with riddles, and, above all, crackers that "crack"—crackers of every hue, size, price, and, in fact, every conceivable description are in request. It is an industry in which Britain leads the world. The famous firm of Tom Smith is synonymous with the best in the art of the cracker.

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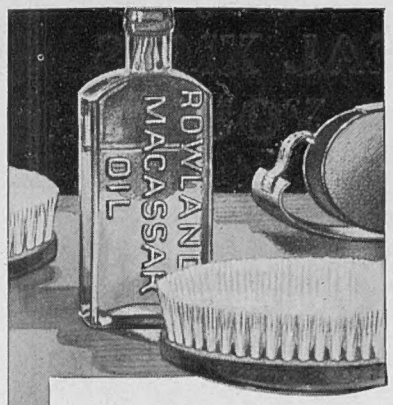

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